OCTOBER 1964 75 CENTS A

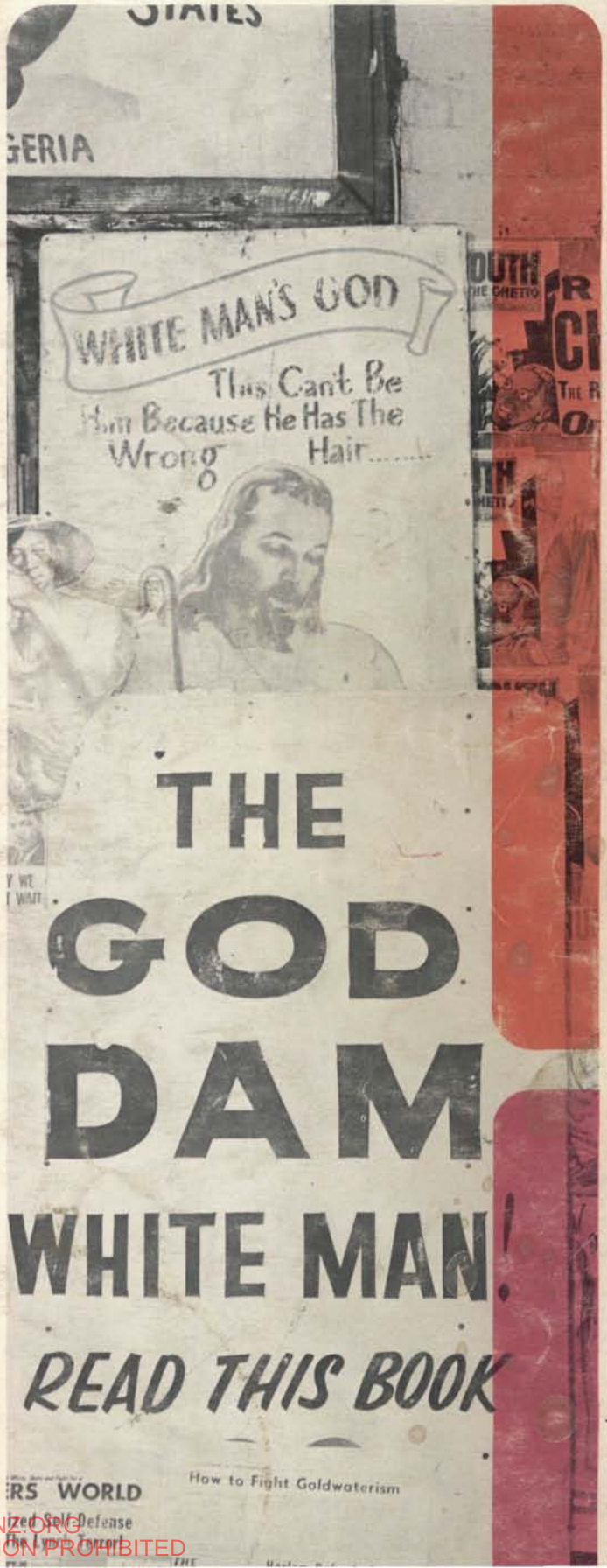
RAMPARTS

BALL STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE LIBRARY
Periodical Service
Muncie, Indiana
SEP 15 1964

SPECIAL REPORT

Harlem Diary:

The untold story of the American Nightmare


WHITE MAN'S GOD
This Can't Be Him Because He Has The Wrong Hair.....
THE GOD DAM WHITE MAN!
READ THIS BOOK
How to Fight Goldwaterism

also in this issue:

Arabs & Jews

Tyranny in Los Angeles

Another "Deputy" in Brazil

CURRENT

Abraham J. Heschel

John Howard Griffin

Thomas Merton

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose any one of these magnificent art books

FREE

WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION

COMBINED RETAIL VALUES UP TO **$59.95**

The Eternal Present: The Beginnings of Art and **The Beginnings of Architecture,** Sigfried Giedion.

The most comprehensive work to date on prehistoric art and early architecture—by a foremost authority on the history and meaning of art. These widely hailed volumes are a definitive, heavily illustrated inquiry into the very roots of art and *architecture, bringing to bear on* early works contemporary findings from history, psychology, anthropology and archaeology.

Retail $25.00. Member's price $19.90.

Art Nouveau, Robert Schmutzler. Retail $25.00. Member's price $18.95.

Marc Chagall, Franz Meyer. Retail $35.00. Member's price $19.95.

Ben Shahn: *Paintings and Graphic Art,* James Thrall Soby. 2 vols., boxed. Retail $25.00. Member's price $14.95.

Modern Sculpture, Jean Selz. Retail $17.50. Member's price $12.95.

Great Styles of Furniture, Charles Vandam. Retail $22.50. Member's price $17.95.

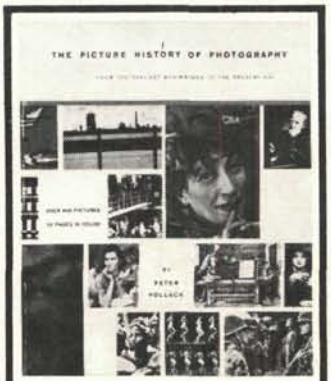
Rembrandt: *The Complete Etchings,* K. C. Boon. Retail $18.50. Member's price $13.50.

Abstract Painting, Michel Seuphor. Retail $20.00. Member's price $15.95.

Far Eastern Art, Sherman E. Lee. Retail $25.00. Member's price $18.95.

Katachi: Japanese Pattern and Design, Takeji Iwamiya and Donald Richie. Retail $30. Member's price $19.95.

The Discovery of Painting, René Berger. A comprehensive new approach to the understanding of painting through history. Retail $25.00. Member's price $16.95.



The Picture History of Photography, Peter Pollack. Retail $20.00. Member's price $17.95.

The Seven Arts Book Society

offers you the exceptional opportunity to build what André Malraux described as "a museum without walls" – to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts – and at substantial savings. The selections of The Seven Arts Books Society – like those illustrated here – are all books of permanent value: oversize, richly illustrated volumes with definitive texts. Moreover, as a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 33⅓% and more. Why not begin your trial membership today? Discover for yourself the great advantages of belonging to this unique organization. You may begin your membership with any one of the magnificent books shown here at the special member's price, and receive any other one (including several valuable sets) FREE, as an introductory gift.

The Seven Arts Book Society, Inc.

215 Park Avenue South, N. Y., N. Y. 10003

You may enroll and send me the *free book* of my choice with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates in the next 12 months, from the wide range of books available to me at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection – or prefer to order another book – I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

Free Book

_____ (Title)

First Selection –

_____ (Title)

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____

please print full name

_____ Street

City State Zip Code

S64-92

DIGITIZED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Issue is Dedicated
To the Memory of:

Michael Schwerner, Age 24
James Chaney, Age 22
Andrew Goodman, Age 20

Who gave the last full
measure of devotion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Statement from the Publisher

Edward M. Keating

ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO I made the decision to publish a magazine. It was a vague sort of thing, scarcely more than a profound yearning. Something, it seemed at the time, was subtly, but drastically wrong. And here I am talking about Catholic publishing.

The extraordinary fact of Catholic publishing is that it is so large, with over a hundred Catholic newspapers spread all across the nation, with over 400 magazines regularly published, and with thousands of books emerging every year. Being vitally concerned in this sort of thing, I read and explored endlessly. And in the end I came to a most disconcerting conclusion: It was all wrong, wrong in the sense that all this effort, all this talent, all this money was actually a vast failure. True, many hundreds of thousands of the faithful were receiving inspiration and instruction, but the ultimate failure was (and continues to be) to isolate the Catholics deep within their own cultural, social, and intellectual ghetto.

This, I believe, lays bare—even among the well-intentioned—the fundamental flaw in modern life, a flaw that had its origins in ancient centuries; that is, the separation of men, the fragmentation of society, that results in alienation.

We have for so long lived separate lives—the Catholics from the Protestants, the Christians from the Jews, the whites from the blacks, the rich from the poor. In short, we have all erected barriers, behind which each grouping of men becomes a ghetto. Where once there were men, there are now merely divisive labels. You are a Jew and therefore different, alien, antagonistic to my way of belief and way of life. You are a Protestant and therefore different, alien, antagonistic. I am a Catholic and therefore different, alien, antagonistic.

In all of this, what we have all failed to do is pierce the label, the façade, in order that we might see the man, the human being, the child of God for what he is.

We have spent so much time discovering differences—differences that would make all others inferior to ourselves—that we have left no time to rediscover those factors common to all men. I submit that there are fundamentally two factors of unity that transcend all considerations that might divide us. First, we are all brothers under the fatherhood of God. Though we are distinct, we are one; though we classify ourselves according to race, religion, status in life, nevertheless we are still all children of God, in one family—the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human family—and this we must never lose sight of in our feverish scramble for separate identities.

Secondly, we are united in suffering. Each of us has this common experience because it is inherent in the condition of man, not only in these tortured days, but in all the days of man. Unhappily, we see only our own pain, we fail to experience the pain of others. The greatest failure of man is his failure of imagination; he cannot wear the shoes of another and plod down the spiritual and emotional paths that are strewn with suffering. Does the Protestant mother suffer less over the loss of her child? Does the Jewish father suffer less when his family cannot get enough to eat? Does the Catholic suffer less than others because his wife perishes from cancer? Do we not all pay the same price for living? This world, as one of our Catholic prayers puts it, is truly a "Valley of Tears."

There has been developing in the last few years a most awesome groundswell of revival. Not necessarily the cause, but certainly a significant symbol, was the late Pope John XXIII, whose brief moment in the papacy so electrified all men. Aside from calling a Council (vigorously opposed by so many), John actually didn't do much or even say much and yet he made a mark on history that can never be erased. In truth, it is never what a man does that counts so heavily for or against him, rather it is what the man *is* that marks everything. John, in his simple and pastoral way, embraced the world, an embrace so exemplified when he once said, "I am Joseph, your brother." If there is one characteristic of John's that stands out above all others it was his obvious and simple love for all mankind. He was so busy loving people he didn't have time to judge. And this is what we must all do—love one another—and leave the judging to God, who is far more gentle and merciful than we.

In furtherance of man's last efforts to reunite before our scientific genius plunges us into the final night, are the marvelous efforts among many disparate groups to leap the walls of their ghettoes and stretch forth the hand of friendship—friendship? No. Brotherhood. We who have been strangers for so long are at last probing for something better, more enduring and that promises us a future. We have the efforts of fragmented Protestantism to come together, we have the efforts of various Christian and Jewish groups to seek mutual understanding and respect, the desperate efforts of some whites and so many Negroes to end centuries of black bondage, and we have the tentative efforts to destroy the poverty that perverts so many lives in this country.

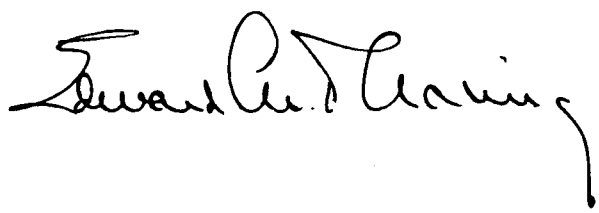
We are all speaking out, but what is more significant is that we are listening to what our brothers are saying. This is the revolution that stamps this particular moment of history with its unique mark. Men are *listening* to the voices of others, and out of this remarkable fact will issue understanding and respect. We are distinct, yet we are one.

In a small way, as some meager contribution to this revolution, RAMPARTS magazine offers its voice to speak, more or less from a Catholic point of view. But we try to speak less within the confines of the Catholic cultural ghetto and more to everyone outside. In brief, we are attempting to break down the walls that separate Catholics, Jews, Protestants, black and white, one man from another. I suppose the magazine could best be described as "Catholic" with a lower case "c."

But then we are attempting something more. We wish to listen to others. That was why, for example, we published a symposium entitled "The Jew in American Culture," written exclusively by Jewish critics and thinkers. That was why we presented the issue on "The Negro and the White Conscience." We must hear voices other than our own.

However, all this must not be construed as marking the end of our difficulties. We have scarcely entered our great struggle for the future. We must be on our guard lest we perish in the midst of a fool's paradise. Rather than perish, we must grasp the opportunities that lie before us; we must persevere in all our efforts to achieve ultimate fulfillment, the reconciliation of all men.

Finally, in this day of the dialogue, we must not overlook the ultimate dialogue of them all—that dialogue that takes place within each of us when we peer deeply within ourselves to that secret place of conscience. What do we see? What do we hear? Is there silence? Is there darkness? Or is there love, love for the least of God's creatures? On this dialogue, secret though it may be, rests the future of all mankind.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAMPARTS

VOLUME 3, NO. 2, OCTOBER, 1964

MARGINALIA

5 EDITORIAL: TYRANNY IN LOS ANGELES

6 MUSIC: THE POULENC BEHIND THE MASK
by John Howard Griffin

9 OPINION: A PROTESTANT ON RELIGIOUS LIBERT
by Robert McAfee Brown

SPECIAL REPORT

12 HARLEM DIARY

14 CONVERSATION WITH LEZ EDMOND

18 THE DIARY
by Lez Edmond

30 THE MARCH THAT FAILED
by Warren Hinckle

ESSAYS

32 ARABS AND JEWS
by Judy Stone

41 THE CHURCH AND "GOLPE" IN BRAZIL
by G. Daniel Griffin

45 THE SISYPHUS COMPLEX
by Abraham J. Heschel

POETRY

38 HOMAGE TO LOUIS MAC NEICE
by Paris Leary

BOOKS

50 THE VIEW FROM LONDON
by Martin Turnell

REVIEWS

56

Publisher and Editor-in-Chief
EDWARD M. KEATING

Editor
HARRY STIEHL

Executive Editor
WARREN HINCKLE

Fiction Editor
HELEN B. ENGLISH

Art Director
IRETA COOPER

Art Editor
FRANK GETLEIN

Associate Editors
ROBERT McAFEE BROWN
WARREN COFFEY
EARL S. DOUGLASS, JR.
LESLIE A. FIEDLER
WALLACE FOWLIE
MAXWELL GEISMAR
JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN
MARTIN TURNELL

Business Manager
BARBARA BROWN

Advertising Representative
ROLAND GOMEZ
Murray Hill Advertising, Inc.
64 East 34th St., New York City 10016

COVER: A display in front of the National Memorial Bookstore, 2107 Seventh Avenue in Harlem, headquarters of the National Afro-American Library Association.

PHOTO CREDITS: Ralph Lipmann, cover and pg. 30 — Robert Isaacs, pg. 2 — Hal Smith, pgs. 32-33-35-37 — Art Williams, pg. 14 — Stanford University, pg. 9 — United Press International, pgs. 12-13-23-25-27 — Wide World, pgs. 6-7-19-29-41-44-45.

RAMPARTS is published monthly by The Layman's Press, 1182 Chestnut Street, Menlo Park, California. Subscription rates: $6.50, one year; $12.00, two years in U.S.A. and possessions. Foreign rate: $7.50, one year; $14.00, two years. Single issue, 75 cents. Copyright © 1964 by The Layman's Press. All rights reserved. MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts submitted to RAMPARTS should be sent with return postage and self-addressed envelope. RAMPARTS editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Second copies should be retained by writer. CORRESPONDENCE: All correspondence, including address changes, should be mailed to 1182 Chestnut Street, Menlo Park, California. Please allow six weeks for change of address: send both old and new addresses to 1182 Chestnut Street, Menlo Park, California.

Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Menlo Park, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marginalia

EDITORIAL: Tyranny in Los Angeles

In all of the furor surrounding the extraordinary actions of Father William H. DuBay of Los Angeles, everyone's attention has been focussed on what Father DuBay did and almost no attention has been paid to what he did **not** do. When Father DuBay cabled the Pope to ask for removal of Cardinal McIntyre for malfeasance and for abuse of authority, there were some who were disturbed that a priest had gone out into the public domain and exposed what many would have preferred to keep hidden. There were those who said that he should only have protested the Cardinal's failure in the matter of racism, feeling that to ask for the Cardinal's recall was simply going too far. There were others who thought that Father DuBay should have remained silent altogether, while still others felt that he pulled back at the vital moment and that he should have risked suspension or even excommunication in order to extend the battle lines of human justice.

All these opinions address themselves to Father DuBay's actions and to his words, the result being a confusion surrounding the entire affair. However, the DuBay case illustrates so very clearly a more basic issue than those surrounding what he did and said. Far more significant is the fact that Father DuBay's taking the case to the public reveals the appalling fact that within the Church there is no available method of recourse for a diocesan priest whose bishop flagrantly abuses his position of authority.

The particular issue at hand was that of the failure of the Cardinal to promulgate, or even to allow his priests to promulgate, the teachings of the Church vis-à-vis racism. This is only one example of abuse of authority. For example, what of a bishop who arbitrarily refuses to implement the liturgical changes called for by Rome? How can a diocesan priest seek to remedy that situation?

Canon Law does not provide for effective recourse for anyone under a bishop. In theory, Father DuBay, or any other priest, could request that certain things be done or un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Father DuBay

done, but unfortunately this appeal is lodged with the very bishop he is appealing from. The rules of the game are such that the bishop can merely pocket and ignore all criticism, from whatever source.

What is needed is a democratizing of the means of appeal. Under our current paternalistic structure democracy is anathema since it brings into play two antithetical principles: authoritarianism and democracy. Authority is legitimate when concerning itself with matters of faith and morals, but this in no way denies the possibility of democratic institutions and procedures within the Church and under Canon Law.

In reality, what we have in the Church is a vast body of law, Canon Law, that purports to set forth rights, obligations, procedures, and remedies. The bald fact is that bishops are above the law and while we have Canon after Canon protecting rights there are also other Canons that strip all subordinates of any rights and place them at the complete mercy of their bishops who can make or break the law with impunity. Attention only has to be drawn to Canon 2222 for verification of this fact.

Within the Canonical confines that we have, Father DuBay was completely impotent to effectively protest and to effectively seek any remedy of the situation that existed at the time in Los Angeles. Therefore he chose the only method available: taking his case to the public and letting the world see what was transpiring behind the hierarchical curtain of tyranny.

The DuBay case is only the beginning . . .

The DuBay case is only the beginning; others will follow, taking the same course he took, until such time as the Church ends its rigid authoritarianism and absolute paternalism that treats everyone less than a bishop as an object rather than a person and a fellow-member of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Interestingly enough, there are isolated examples of democratic principles within the Church. The Dominicans elect their superiors and in earlier times the people not only elected their bishops, but they also by proclamation acclaimed their saints.

In the Jesuit Order, despite its monarchical structure, there are clearly defined procedures for appeals against abuses of authority. A Jesuit is always free to appeal to Rome without going through his superior. Any letter addressed: **Patri Generali Soli** (to Father General Alone) may not be opened or read by anyone other than the Father General. Violation incurs severe punishment, including the ultimate one of removal from office. In practice there are occasional crank letters and therefore all letters to Rome are tabulated as to quantity and quality in order to show patterns. If Rome feels that a sufficient basis exists for investigation, a "visitor" is appointed to investigate and, if he is given plenipotentiary powers, he may even act to resolve the situation. The visitor sees every member of the community and they are free to register any complaint without fear of recrimination. The secrecy surrounding all of this is comparable to that around the confessional, except for the fact that the visitor may act upon information given him.

Other religious orders have this system of appeal. Why is there no system available to diocesan priests?

It is obvious that if Father DuBay had had such procedures available, he would not have had to go to the public and risk all that he has risked. Neither would he have been subjected to the debasing experience of kissing the hands of his truant bishop, an act that makes a mockery of the priest's manhood. But Father DuBay has rung the bell and a bell once rung cannot be unrung. He has set a new pattern that will someday put an end to the tyranny practiced by men who place themselves above the law, not only Canonical Law but the law of God that rests on charity.

MUSIC: The Poulenc behind the mask.

By John Howard Griffin

During a telephone conversation with cellist Zara Nelsova I learned that Francis Poulenc had died in Paris.

The scene from the second act of Poulenc's «Dialogues des Carmelites» immediately absorbed my attention. In it, the Mother Superior dies, writhing in agony, crying her doubts about her faith. Did Poulenc die that way, too? He had already died that way once. The death scene of the Mother Superior had been a direct translation into music of his own agony.

He had written me: "My God, you cannot know the anguish. God knows if I shall ever complete «Dialogues des Carmelites» because I am very ill. It is my stomach. Cancer. In spite of my doctors' reassurances that there is nothing wrong with me, I fear that I will never be able to work again. Will you ask the Carmelite Fathers of Dallas to make a novena that I recover my health and that I may be able to glorify God and the blessed martyrs of Compiègne with my music? I am in terrible fear. Will God take into account my poor efforts—the Mass, the religious motets? Will He at least see them and me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kindly, as another bungler, a jongleur de Notre Dame? Please locate a good peasant priest to help me. The priests who are considered 'intelligent' exhaust me."

I promised him the novenas he requested, and asked permission to send a noted Dominican, Father Gerald Vann, to help him. ("He is a master of souls. You can put yourself in his hands.")

Poulenc wrote immediately, "Please, no. I feel bludgeoned by the intelligence of Dominicans. A Dominican would make me lose the remnants of my poor faith in five minutes. No, send me a poor, ignorant parish priest—someone who is good and who will not beat me to death with theology."

Poulenc's ublic mask: e bounder, op, the wit, exquisitely vulgar and ty francais. referred to himself as half-monk, bounder"— l few heard music that led the man d the mask.

This correspondence had been initiated when Discalced Carmelite Fathers at Mount Carmel Seminary in Dallas had asked me to inquire about Poulenc's opera «Dialogues des Carmelites.» And although I had met Poulenc in France—we had been neighbors in Tours in my school days and had encountered one another at concerts in Paris after World War II—he did not make this association. He answered my query as though I were a stranger, a friend of the Carmelites. He poured out his agony in a way that I am sure he seldom did to anyone face-to-face.

In his letters, he adjured me to silence until after his death. The correspondence reveals a Poulenc who does not coincide with his popular public image, or even with my own personal impression of him.

Everyone knew Poulenc by sight during the prewar years in Tours. He wore an odd green hat at all times, and it was rumored he never removed it, even in the house. We schoolboys would remark with distaste that he was très bizarre but a great pianist, which, of course, excused everything.

After the war, I was back in Tours, in a room in Jacques Duthoo's «Château de Belles Ruries» where I practiced on an old pedalless Pleyel piano that had been desecrated by the Nazis. Poulenc was to come for lunch that day. None of us looked forward to it. He was too cloying, too precious. He hovered about one with an air of solicitude, almost tenderness, like a puppet being manipulated by a Cupertino or a Neri; as an unfortunate joke that never came off. It left one with an oversweet taste and always an undercurrent of panic, of suspected tragedy under all of this—of some man helplessly trapped behind a mask.

But none of this appeared in his letters. They were straight—the cry of a heart that could no longer waste time with the mask.

"All that your Carmelites are doing for me overwhelms me, and I feel unworthy," he wrote in a letter dated September 10, 1954. "I don't know if I have told you all the truth about my case. Here it is in a few words. After months of personal sorrows, overwork and voyages, I felt myself gravely ill. The doctors continued to reassure me. I want to believe them but doubts have gnawed at me for days and nights, and still assault me. Alas, these doubts concern not only my physical self. The most terrible pain has been to feel my faith fail at the very moment when I have such need of it.

"Now, miraculously, you and your Carmelites have extended help and become a source of extraordinary consolation. Tell them that I am constantly aware of their help and that is a great balm to me. I have begun the orchestration of the first act of «Dialogues»; but I must give my nerves time to gain health before I undertake the second act. I hope Heaven gives me the strength.

"How wonderful it must be to have a faith without fissures. It is true that many saints knew difficult hours—and I am so far from ever being a saint! I hope God will take into account my religious works. . . ."

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

This was followed by another letter from Amsterdam, dated October 11, 1954, in which the depression had returned.

"Forgive my silence, but I find myself so unworthy of your letters and your concern that I hardly dare write you. I am a poor sinner and I am in a state of the blackest neurosis. I can no longer play the piano. I can no longer work. I have such contempt for myself. I came to Holland to give three concerts in the hope a change might help. But the loneliness is so hideous that I cannot stay in my room. I wander over to the hall, seeking contact with any human, talking with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strangers. I have truly the impression that I am the Devil's puppet. Only outside of my room can I find any calm. Redouble your prayers for me, I implore you, and may Heaven help me to sleep again, to work again, to forget, to pray. I am two men now, and Poulenc despises with all his strength the too-vulnerable Francis.

"I want so much to finish my «Carmelites,» but how can I find enough peace, how can I sleep? I am ashamed to write you like this, but you and your Carmelites are the only help I have now.

"Will God ever forgive me all my follies, all my folly? I want so to honor Him again with a music completely purified of these dregs of trickery and cheapness. I have sinned so terribly, but how much I suffer for it. Pray that my soul be saved from eternal fire because my body and my heart burn on this earth."

Throughout the winter of 1954-55 a calmer tone entered his letters. He was back at work. In April, he wrote:

"Thanks to the prayers of all your Carmelites, my health returns. Alas, during this nightmare, which clung to me for two years, I almost lost the Faith. All my life I counted on religion to help me die well, and when I had this cancerphobia, my prayers turned to dust. I hope that one day the source of Grace will flow again. For the moment, I feel nothing at Mass. I await the Ite Missa est the way I used to await the liberating bell of the lycée.

John Howard Griffin

"It is easy for me, the musician, to thank you, the writer and therefore my brother, from the bottom of my heart for having stood by to aid me during these terrible months."

The need to write diminished. A mutually understood silence replaced the flow of letters. Finally, on October 31, 1955, he sent me this brief note: "My opera is finished and will be performed at La Scala in January, 1957. Deo gratias."

The last letter I received from him, dated simply August, 1956, reads:

"Forgive my long silence."

"Forgive my long silence. Yes, the opera is done. It will have first performances at Milan in February and Paris in March. They say it is beautiful. I hope that is true. It is terribly earthy—as I see Bernanos' piece terribly human: Pride; Fear. I hope that the last tableau, a great Salve for the climb to the scaffold, will throw a breath of the Spirit into the hall. May I, like Blanche, at the moment when one least expects it, again take my place among the faithful. This word 'faithful' is so full of so many meanings.

"I cannot fix my thoughts enough to pray. They vagabond over the years of my childhood."

Some months later, one of the Carmelite Fathers telephoned to tell me the N.B.C. Opera was scheduled to premiere «Dialogues des Carmelites.» I drove with another of the Fathers to the Provincial headquarters in Oklahoma City. Since television sets are not permitted in Carmelite houses, a group of us were given permission to watch the performance in a friend's home.

None of us had seen the score of this work or heard any of the music. All were trained musicians, however, and we were deeply involved, through our contacts with the composer and also because the work concerned the martyrdom of Carmelite nuns at Compiègne.

The first act—yes, a strangely Mozartian, flamboyant but elegant composition. It excited us but did not move us.

Then came that remarkable second act where the Mozartian felicity suddenly evaporates at the scene of the Mother Superior's death. She gasps with pain, clutching her abdomen. She cries out her doubts. This is the tortured Poulenc of the letters. His own agony transforms the music. Some of his very phrases are in the Mother Superior's mouth. This is the "terribly earthy" portion of which Poulenc had such fears.

We sat transfixed in the darkened room until one of the monks rose and walked quietly into the kitchen for a glass of water—anything to break the unbearable spell that Poulenc had created. Seldom in art has a creator trusted himself to create so intensely from the depths of his own entrails.

Here and in the last act Salve, Poulenc had known how to shed his mask.

His music told us where he was going.

We heard nothing from him after that. He no longer needed to write those anguished letters. His music told us where he was going. A splendid Gloria for soprano soloist, chorus and orchestra echoed through the world's concert halls a few years later.

But the Poulenc of the public mask remained on view to the world—the bounder, the fop, the wit, the exquisitely vulgar and jaunty français. He continued to refer to himself as "half-monk, half-bounder," all in hiding the half-monk part even while he wrote music that revealed it for all to hear. But few heard it.

Jean Casadesus sat in my studio a few months after Poulenc's death. "All of Paris' musical world was there for the funeral," he said. "You should have seen it. It was grotesque, a farce, but somehow fitting, as though Poulenc himself had designed it for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a comic opera. A real blague. There were all of those great musical figures. And then a great mob of painted and effeminate young men swarmed in. Even his funeral had an air of the ridiculous. It was a typical Poulenc finale," Jean concluded with a pained laugh.

Haunted still by Poulenc's obsession of pain and suffering, I associated his death with the earlier death in the second act of «Dialogues des Carmelites.»

How did he die?"

"How did he die?" I asked Jean.

"It was completely unexpected. He just dropped dead. Suddenly. A heart attack."

The funeral might have been a typical Poulenc finale. Yet, it was not the real one. The real Poulenc finale, his final composition, was performed for the first time recently. A religious work, «Sept répons des ténèbres,» almost shocked by its depth and serenity. In it, for the first time, one finds no hint of the old mask. In it, Poulenc no longer despised the "too-vulnerable Francis." Both somehow fused into the music, allowing the composer to succeed in doing what he had so long desired to do: "to honor Him with a music completely purified of those dregs of trickery and cheapness."

Notes on ecordings of Poulenc's ious Works:

Poulenc wrote his first religious work, and one of his finest, in 1937. In August of that year, his friend, the composer Pierre Octave Ferroud, was killed in an automobile accident. Grief-stricken, Poulenc retired to the religious sanctuary of Rocamadour in the Dordogne where he composed his «Litanies à la Vierge Noire de Rocamadour» for a cappella chorus. It is recorded on a Pathé-Marconi disc DTX 247, and on a Gregorian Institute disc S-205.

In 1937, he composed his «Mass.» In 1939, the «Quatre motets pour un temps de penitence.» These austere works, which Poulenc compared to paintings by Mantegna, have been magnificently performed and recorded on Angel 36121.

When the painter, Christian Berard, died in 1949, Poulenc composed his extraordinary masterpiece, the «Stabat Mater» based on a 13th century hymn by Jacapone da Todi. This work, for orchestra, chorus and soprano soloist is perhaps the most accessible and most profound (with the exception of the «Sept repons») of all Poulenc's religious music. It is superbly performed and recorded on Angel 36121.

«Dialogues des Carmelites» is recorded on Angel 3585 C/L.

«Gloria in C» is radiantly performed on Angel 35953.

Other religious music, such as the «Quatre motets pour un temps de noel» and the «Salve Regina,» recorded in Europe, have not made their appearance in American catalogues.

OPINION: A Protestant on religious liberty

By Robert McAfee Brown

Reprinted from "Observer in Rome," © Robert McAfee Brown, 1964

I do not think there is a single thing the Vatican Council can do that will have more immediate effect in bettering Catholic-Protestant relations than a forthright and unambiguous statement favoring full religious liberty for all. There may be many other things that will have more important long-range implications (and surely the «Schema De Ecclesia» is the most serious task the Council faces), but in terms of the present and immediate future, the chapter on religious liberty leads all the rest.

Before dealing with reasons why this is true in the arena of Catholic-Protestant relations, let me make a basic point that underlies all the rest. The basic reason for a statement on religious liberty is not to "please the Protestants," or "make friends with the secular world," but simply because such a declaration is a clear part of the gospel, and the church has now reached the stage where she can clarify her own thinking on the matter. There has been enough writing and thinking in this area by Catholic theologians for the past quarter of a century to make clear that the time is "ripe" for such a statement, and that the church has thought the position through to maturity. Those, of course, are the reasons why you must be concerned with the matter. It is not, however, my task to deal with this basic point, but, as a Protestant, to deal with the by-product flowing from this basic point, namely, the impact that such a statement will have in the Protestant, and indeed the whole non-Catholic world.

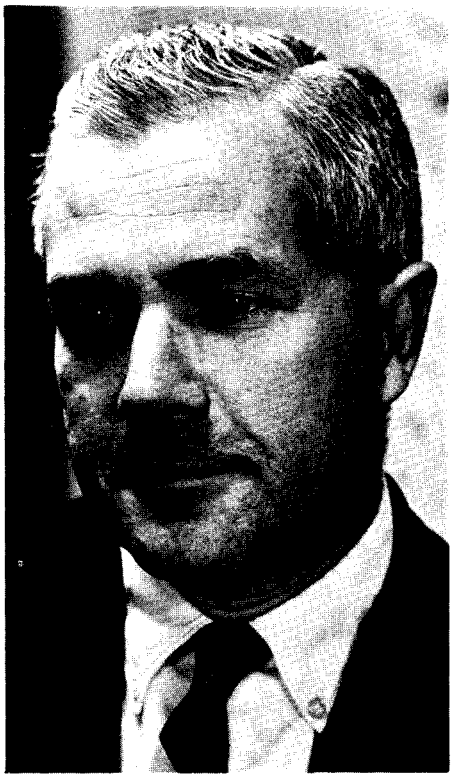
The reason a statement on religious liberty is so important, therefore, is because (to put it bluntly for the sake of time and not pause over ecumenical niceties) the Catholic Church is not fully trusted on this point. Whether rightly or wrongly, non-Catholics do not believe the Catholic Church has yet made up her mind about religious liberty, and they are fearful that the church may still espouse a position of intolerance, persecution, and penalty for the exercise of a faith not Roman Catholic.

What are the reasons for this fear on the part of non-Catholics? I think they can be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reduced to three main ones.

1. There is the past history of the Catholic Church, in which there have been notable instances of persecution by the Church, particularly when it was in positions of political power. It is unnecessary to detail this, for we are all familiar with it. And it must be reported that the images conjured up by a word like "Inquisition" still linger in many non-Catholic hearts to give cause for feeling that this represents the "real" position of the church, even though for reasons of expediency, it may not be openly espoused at the present time.



Robert McAfee Brown

2. In addition to past Catholic history, present Catholic practice in certain parts of the world lends credibility to the notion that the Church does not really believe in religious liberty. It is perhaps unfortunate always to use Spain and Colombia as whipping boys here, but the fact is that in present times in these and other countries, non-Catholics have serious penalties and liabilities visited upon them because of their espousal of a different faith. The fact that religious oppression appears to be condoned in areas where Roman Catholicism is in the heavy majority, and is not condoned in areas where Roman Catholicism is in the minority, sometimes makes it appear that the attitude of the church on this matter is not consistent, is not based on a conviction of faith, but is simply a matter of expediency.

If the Catholic Church really believes in religious liberty why doesn't it say so, plainly and unambiguously?

3. The final reason for this fear — and the reason that makes passage of a conciliar statement so crucial — is the relative lack of authoritative utterances by the church on the subject of religious liberty. There are, to be sure, many fine statements by individual Catholic theologians that say all the non-Catholic wants to hear and more, and a wealth of such material is available in the booklet published by the World Council of Churches, Carillo de Albornoz, «Roman Catholicism and Religious Liberty.» There are a few, though not very many, statements by members of the hierarchy, the best being a pamphlet by Cardinal Lercaro. But I discover, every time I speak to a Protestant group and try to introduce such evidence, that I am immediately confronted by the reaction, "For whom do these people speak? They don't speak for the whole church; they speak only for themselves. If the Catholic Church really believes in religious liberty, why doesn't it say so, plainly and unambiguously?" And when one tries to answer this charge by citing "official" and authoritative utterances, what are the resources available? The resources thus far are pretty slim: Pius XII's speech to the Italian jurists of June 6, 1953, paragraph 104 of «Mystici Corporis,» a couple of sentences in «Pacem in Terris,» and that is about all. And the relative dearth of such authoritative statements in the face of past Catholic history and present Catholic practice (points 1 and 2 above) does not exactly assuage the fearful heart.

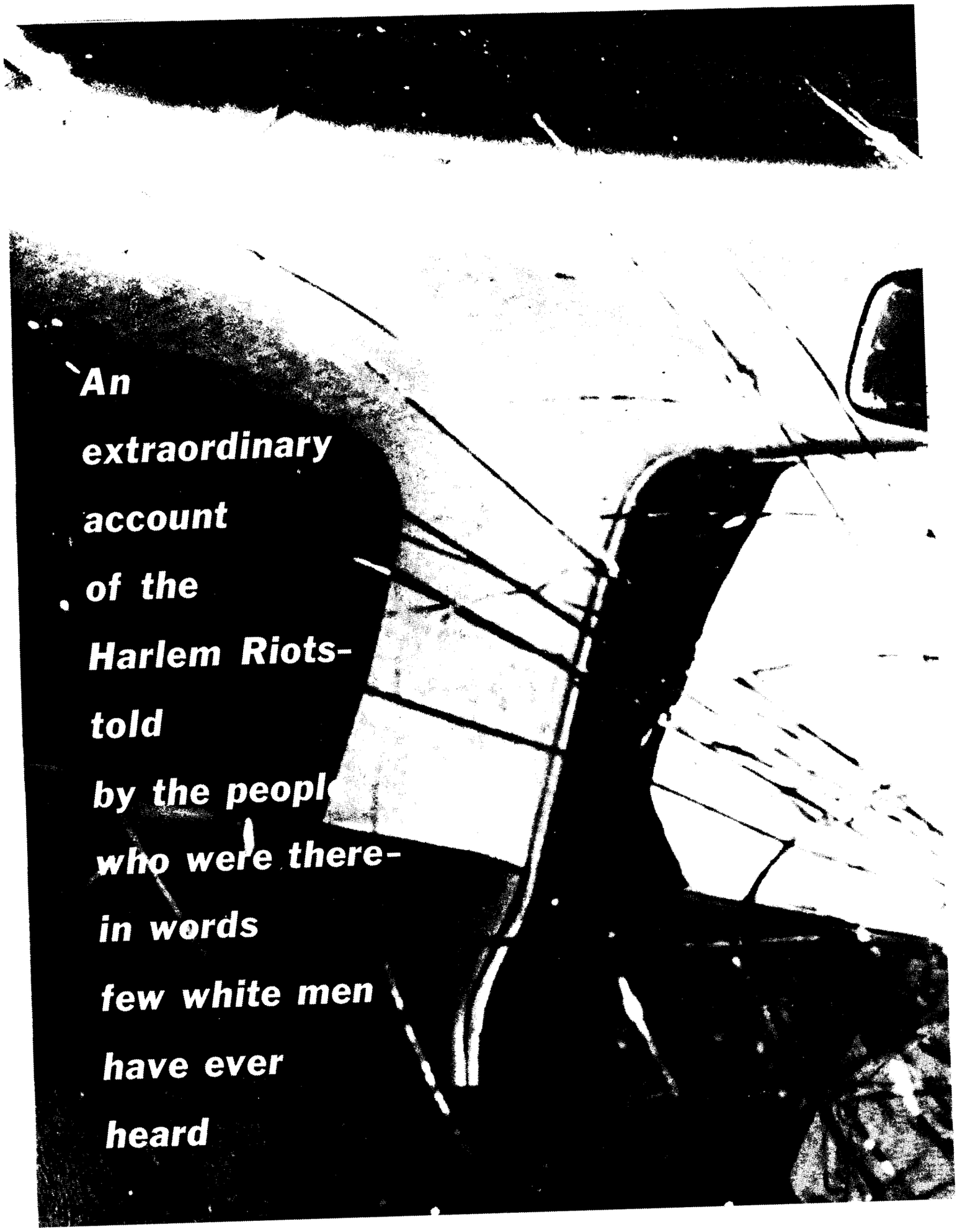
It is for these reasons, then, that a formal and authoritative conciliar utterance, promulgated by the pope with all of his authority, is so important. For it would lay to rest, once and for all, the fears non-Catholics have had — fears that have a certain degree of justification until such an utterance has become a part of the church's formal teaching. Not only would the issue of where the church actually stands be cleared up, but there would then be a standard that could be invoked in areas where the principle of religious liberty was still being abrogated by certain segments of the church. No Protestant would expect that every violation of the principle would be eliminated overnight, but every Protestant could believe that such violations were now acts contrary to the clearly defined teaching of the church, and could expect the church to act promptly to set such situations right. If, therefore, the church speaks without equivocation on this burning issue, it will be making one of its most important contributions to the establishing of better relations among men.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTO TAKEN AT THE FOUNDATION FOR THE JUNIOR BLIND SUMMER CAMP, LOS ANGELES. BY DOUG WILSON

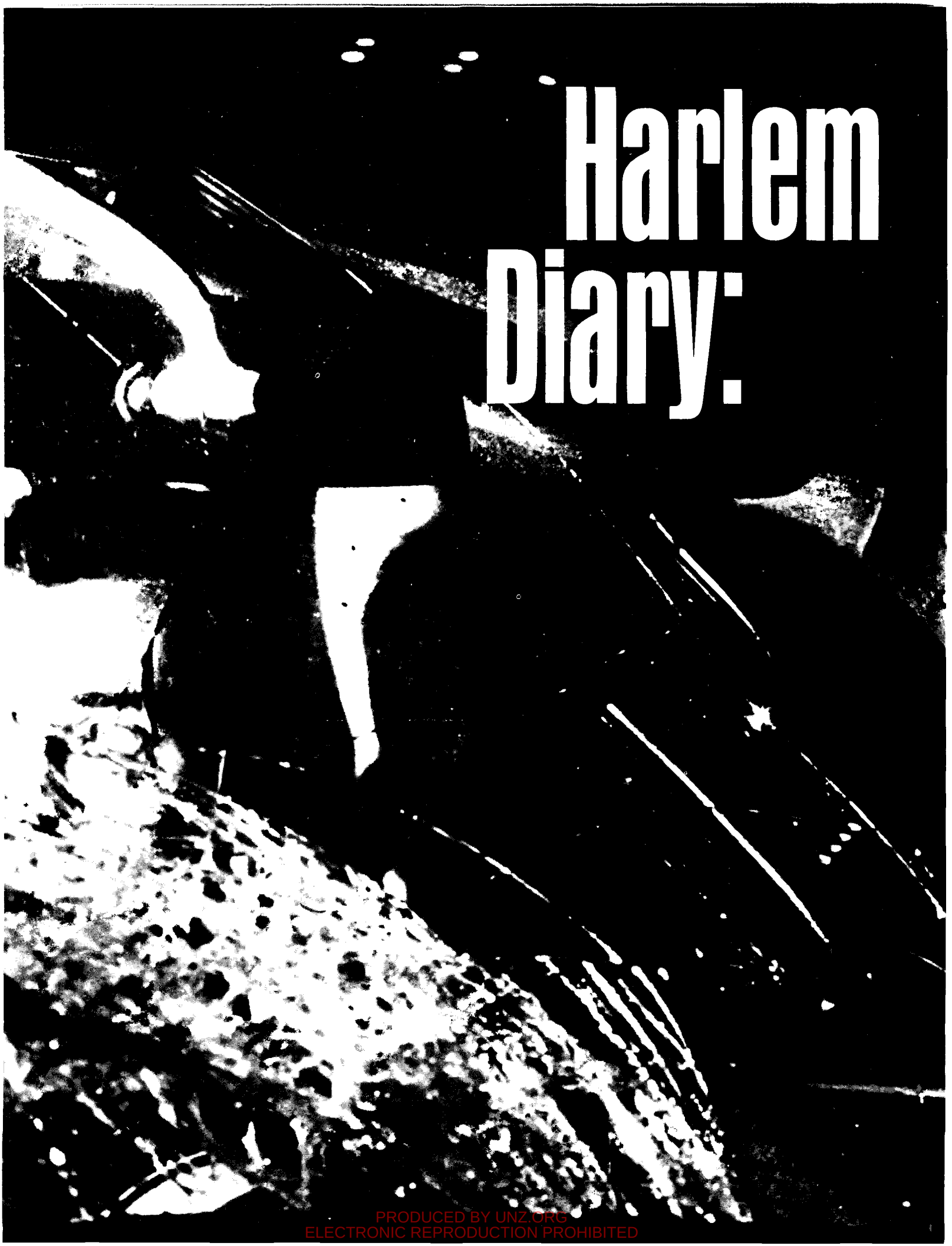
THE BLIND ARE ALSO COLOR BLIND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harlem Diary:



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conversation with Lez Edmond

Q: *Mr. Edmond, how did you get involved in the civil rights movement?*

A: I guess you could say I was forced into it because I'm a Negro. I tried to forget that I was but it didn't work. I used to work for an electronics firm in Manhattan. Research. It was a good job and I enjoyed it. One day, in the lab, I got into an argument with a man who worked with me — a German. He called me a "Goddamn black nigger bastard." I said, my friend, I should punch you in the face, but I'm not. Instead, I'm going to have a little fun with you. I'm going to take you to the personnel department and have you repeat that little remark. I did, too. The woman in personnel just looked at me. She said that I must have misunderstood him. Finally I got a witness to what happened, but I was told that I was just a trouble-maker and I shouldn't be so sensitive about my skin.

Ever since then, I've been sensitive. And I've found that no matter how successful an Afro-American is, he is continually and constantly being reminded 24 hours a day, what he is. He is black. He is never fully accepted as an individual — it is always "that" colored fellow — who works in the lab — or "that" colored girl who works in the office, but never an individual.

Q: *So you climbed into the civil rights whirlpool?*

A: Gradually. I felt my way around a lot before I really became active. I've always been fond of photography — it's my hobby — and I took my camera around to meetings and took pictures all the time. That way I got to know everybody. At one time I was a great admirer of Dr. Martin Luther King — but that was many years ago. Now, I don't think Dr. King could go into Harlem and be safe. He hasn't been there in a year, you know. People in Harlem are angry with him. You can only tell people to love their brother, like he does, for so long when they're getting kicked around by the cops every day. King doesn't see that sort of thing — in fact most of the big Negro leaders don't know any more about the inside of Harlem — about the way people

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who never talk to white men really think — than Johnson does.

Q: *You mention President Johnson. Don't the Negroes in Harlem respect him — at least more than, say, Barry Goldwater?*

A: The Harlem people — and the real ghetto Negroes across the country, at least in my experience, aren't impressed with Johnson. In Harlem, there's a saying that Democrats and Dixiecrats are the same thing.

Q: *That seems strange. What about the civil rights bill? Aren't Negroes pleased with that?*

A: Why should they be pleased? It's just another promise. The history of the Negro in America is a litany of broken promises. Like the other night, Mayor Wagner made his big television speech about the riots and he said that the law is the Negro's best friend. Harlem laughed at that. Really laughed. Look at the laws. They passed laws against restrictive covenants that were supposed to end ghettoes — the ghettoes are still here. Then the school desegregation decision — that was supposed to end desegregation in schools. And has it ended? Now we have the civil rights bill — another promise. Actually, both New York and California have better civil rights laws than that bill — if they were ever enforced, which they aren't. To Harlem, the civil rights bill is just another promise. Negroes in Harlem feel they're being led down a dead end road by their own leaders.

Q: *How do you mean that?*

A: Well, an established Negro leader — whether Wilkins, or Farmer, or even Bayard Rustin — will usually work this way. There'll be a problem, or a crisis, and he'll go to the white community and say this is what we want — and he'll sit down and talk. Then he'll come back to the Negro community and say I've got this for you. But what's he got? Usually a promise — a promise that's never kept. Mayor Wagner has made dozens of promises to the Negro leadership since he's been in office — but he's never kept one of them, not a single one. The Negroes are tired of hearing promises — they're tired, many of them, of the negotiation. This is what most white people don't realize. They think you can keep this Negro revolution in line by playing it like a labor management dispute — give a little, take a little. And the whites never even come through with the promised raises. The Negroes are just fed up.

Q: *Is this your opinion or is this the feeling of most Negroes?*

A: I think it's a pretty generally accepted view among Negroes. I'm not talking about the Negro leadership as such now, or even the so-called "active" Negroes who belong to the NAACP or CORE or even the Muslims and work at it. But most Negroes, the great majority, don't belong to any organizations and they don't want to. They either don't care, or they're just plain disgusted. But either way, they've had too many bad experiences to trust the white community and its promises and this distrust — as hopes go higher frustrations get worse — is I think being transferred to much of the established Negro leaders. That was why Harlem blew up — because it's leaderless, and when you don't have anybody who can tell you how to react then violence is the logical answer — and if you noticed in Harlem it wasn't planned violence or organized violence, it was just random, screaming frustration. That's the act of a leaderless people.

Q: *What do the Harlem people want most — to get out of the ghetto?*

A: Many Negroes want to get out — but mostly they don't want to be held in. That sounds paradoxical but it's a very important thing to understand about the Negro revolt. Any neighborhood is a ghetto when you get right down to definitions — whether it's a high-rent slum Negro neighborhood or a $100,000-a-home White-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant neighborhood with signs up for no Jews and Catholics allowed. People generally choose to live with people with whom they have something in common — or think they have. I think that if all the people in Harlem could walk out tomorrow, not that many of them would — as long as they could get better living conditions and decent rents and a better community. Negroes aren't protesting against having to live with other Negroes. What they resent is being placed in a ghetto that is designed to keep them — and their children — there. Inferior schools, deteriorated housing, uncontrolled crime, self-generated slums — these are the things that the people of Harlem and most Negroes are rioting over. I might choose to live in a ghetto — but I want my son to be able to get out if he chooses. But that chance isn't available — and Negroes want that chance, even if they don't exercise it.

Q: *It's a cliché, but you mean that Negroes feel the "system" is against them.*

A: It's more than a cliché — it's the truth. The Harlem pattern isn't limited to Harlem — you can find it all over the country. It's not just limited to racial policy, either; it's a manifestation of the entire modern malaise that is destroying our great urban centers — turning them into ghettoes for the very rich and for the very poor. But this "system," as we call it, is definitely against the Negro. As long as the white community can keep him on the outside — the fringes of a full involvement in society — the longer the white doesn't have to worry about competing against the Negro — or his children having to compete against them for a place in line in the theatre or a job or even bidding on a house.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q: *Out of the white community — out of mind?*

A: Something like that. It's also an atavistic attitude harking back to an unconscious white superiority — or some sort of a slavery overhang. Take the civil rights bill. It was dangled, by the best-meaning of liberals, as a "reward" for "good" Negroes. They tamed down the march on Washington, they told everybody to keep off the streets and don't demonstrate and be good boys and maybe they'd get the civil rights bill as a present. We laugh, in Harlem, about being "good" or "bad" Negroes. If we're quiet and mind our business and don't make any disturbing demands, we're good. But if we agitate or simply demand that we get the same treatment that everybody else gets we're "bad" and radical or red or something.

Q: *You said the civil rights march was "tamed down." What did you mean by that?*

A: That started out to be a Negro march — Negroes marching to show *en masse* the black man's concern and anger. But they needed money to stage it and they got money, white money, foundation money, and when the money came in it wanted to see what type of speeches were being made and who was making them and what they were saying. The movie stars moved in and Mayor Wagner ended up being Deputy Marshal and how ridiculous can you get?

Q: *Do you mean to say that every time a Negro movement takes "white money" it loses its — well, its "pureness" for lack of a better word?*

A: Let me answer that with an illustration. Suppose I were to call a press conference tomorrow — in New York, or in any other big city, and announce that I'd formed a new Negro organization — no matter what it's called or who's in it. Now if I were to say that Negroes basically should live in peace with the whites and though there are a few problems I'd like to sit down with the Mayor next week and talk it over — if I had a "tomorrow program" — and work out some solutions — why immediately I'd have lots of allies. I'd be a "sensible" Negro and if I needed money it would be readily available from both the Negro and the white business communities and I'd be asked to cocktail parties and interviewed and things like that. But if I were to call a press conference and say the Negroes are tired of press conferences — that they want equal treatment now and want action and no more talk — well, then I'd be an extremist and a lot of Negroes, especially the ones making over $8500 a year, would think so too.

Q: *Why do you pick $8500?*

A: I'm not sure — it just popped into my head. But that's about the income at which in many areas, a Negro starts thinking like a white man. He starts thinking about maybe buying a home and where to buy it and his reputation in the community and the people he has got to get along with. It's a pretty natural thing. But most Negroes aren't in that bracket and they never think that way — that's why they feel so far apart from the Negro leadership.

Q: *Is this an "insider's" view, or should this split you talk about between the Negro and his leaders be obvious to everyone?*

A: It's pretty obvious if you pay attention to what goes on in Harlem. For instance, CORE a while back had a big meeting and advertised it for weeks and worked on it and barely 150 people showed up. But Malcolm X called a rally on one day's notice and 1000 people came. The fact of the matter is that the "accepted" Negro leaders most of the time just aren't telling the Negro masses what they want to hear — and the people aren't bothering to listen any more.

Q: *Is this one of the things the "man on the street" in Harlem talks about?*

A: This and a lot of other things that might surprise you. Just because a Negro is unemployed doesn't mean that he doesn't know anything, and people are always talking about foreign aid, for instance. They're against it, mostly, because they don't see how we can send all that money to other countries when just a little of it would do such a needed job cleaning up the slums at Home, in Harlem, for instance. Another thing the Negroes talk about, all the time, is that every manifestation of the established society — from insurance companies to the police force — exists to protect whites and white businesses and protects the Negro only accidentally and often reluctantly and in the case of the police hardly at all.

Q: *You said earlier that when you first became interested in the Negro movement you liked Dr. King — what happened?*

A: I found out, by traveling, by talking to people, by seeing the same problems face Negroes in every community, that it is absurd to go around the country saying that Negro equality must come to pass because it is morally right. The right goes, unfortunately, all too often where the power is — and the only time the Negro has got anywhere in my opinion is when he stopped talking about what society owed him and stood up and said he was going to take it.

Q: *Are you talking about direct action vs. non-violence?*

A: It's not as simple as that. I feel I've touched all the bases in the racial league — if you'll forgive a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strained analogy. That does not mean that I have touched Home Plate and scored a run — or ever will, perhaps. But I do know that I have played the game by all the rules — sit-in, lie-in, crawl-in, wade-in, pray-in — and let me say that I don't think any of these things is going to solve the race problem here in America. Perhaps a combination of them will help, but I am certain of one thing — that we are going to have more and more violence until this country wakes up and stops making a nightmare out of the American dream for the Negro. The Harlem riots are just the start — and that is why they are so important to understand because they are a microcosm of the entire racial tinder box in America.

Q: *How would you —*

A: Excuse me. I just wanted to mention one more thing before I forget it. I witnessed something in Jacksonville earlier this year that I think kind of summed up the whole prospectus for the racial problem in the future. The entire youth community there was rebelling against this system of oppression, and as I was taking pictures and taping interviews, I found one little girl — she couldn't have been more than 10 or 11 — right in the heart of the trouble throwing bottles at a hotel that was segregated. I asked her why she was doing that, and she thought for a minute and said, "I really don't want to go into that hotel — but what really bothered me was that they didn't want me in because of my color, nothing to do with me personally." This attitude is prevalent in the Negro youth in every community, who are becoming more and more militant. They often identify with left wing or extremist groups as the press calls them because they are the only ones saying the things they want to hear — and it hasn't a thing to do with politics, generally. Their parents were worried about being labeled reds — but the young kids just don't give a damn. They want their freedom and they're just not going to wait through another generation of promises.

Q: *I was going to ask you where you stood, personally, in the politics of the racial movement.*

A: I guess you would say that I am a black nationalist — there's no question about that. But I'm not a nationalist in the sense of a Zionist with the Jews. I don't think Negroes should migrate somewhere and settle by themselves (although I think the only alternatives this country really has is to get rid of all its Negroes or to change its policy in dealing with them — the other alternative increasingly seems to be a bloodbath) but I do think that a Negro should have pride in his own race and in his own homeland. No other ethnic group in this country has had its families broken up and its ties and culture stripped from them as has the Afro-American in coming here — and that is what makes Afro-American problems all the more complicated for an Irishman is an Irish-American and a Pole is a Polish-American, but all of a sudden if a Negro says he is an Afro-American he is a racist. I also think that Negroes should control their own communities — politically, socially and economically. This is, after all, nothing more than the Chinese and the Japanese and the Jews have done, and it is necessary if we are to be able to deal from power when we make demands for our rights. There are over 20 million Afro-Americans in this country and they do not have one Senator to complain to — how do you ever expect to get anything by letting the enemy fight your battles for you?

Q: *Do you belong to any of the so-called militant Negro organizations — I'm curious?*

A: I don't actually belong to anything, in the sense of having an official membership. But I have done a lot of liaison work for the Freedom Now Party because I believe they have a solid idea in organizing Negro tickets in Negro areas. I also have done some work with A.C.T., and of course have many friends in CORE — but I never hesitate to disagree with these groups and tell their leaders exactly what I think.

Q: *You seem to be in an extraordinary position — moving freely behind the conference doors of just about every Negro organization — from the most militant to the NAACP.*

A: I guess it is unusual, but then you must realize that there is really no one who does just what I do. I work with all the organizations — reporting, observing, always telling the truth and always being perfectly honest with them. I know Malcolm X and James Farmer and get along with them both very well, as I do with Bayard Rustin and Jessie Gray. I think it is most important that someone tells really what the Negro community is thinking and what is going on and no white person can get close enough to really find out.

Q: *Is that what you did during the Harlem riots?*

A: Yes, I was in on every conference and saw almost every incident. I went places the white press couldn't and even the Negro press was afraid to. That's because people know me and they trust me — because I work with tape recorder and camera and don't report my observations as much as make transcriptions.

Q: *Something like a candid camera?*

A: I guess so, but pardon me for not laughing. It is very easy to lose your sense of humor after four days in the Harlem riots.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harlem Diary

by Lez Edmond

It was late July, 1964—and it was hot in Harlem. Then the teeming Negro ghetto exploded into bloody rioting that shocked the world. This is the untold story of those riots—recorded on tape by a Negro who was there.

Saturday, night

The crowds gathered around the 123rd Street Station House in Harlem even before it got dark, and when dark came their anger was like the hot sticky black of the night. **"Murphy the Murderer,"** they screamed. Murphy is the Police Commissioner and they wanted one of his cops — Lt. Thomas Gilligan of Brooklyn's 14th Division. A couple of days before Gilligan had killed a Harlem kid named Jimmy Powell. Jimmy was only 15 and Gilligan shot at him three times and hit him twice. He said the kid had a knife and was going at him. That didn't mean much to the people of Harlem. You don't shoot a kid twice to get rid of his knife.

Jimmy was on his way to a voluntary remedial reading class when he was shot and that made the Harlem people even madder that he was dead. The kid was trying to get ahead, to get out of the ghetto and if he hadn't been shot he might have made it.

The police inside the 123rd Street Station sent for help. When the first of the steel-helmeted cops from outside drove into Harlem with their sirens going, bottles and bricks began to pour down from roof tops. The cops started shooting and that made people in the streets go kind of crazy. They began smashing windows and setting fires and Harlem was in the middle of a riot.

I heard about the trouble around 11 p.m. when getting ready to go out for a late dinner with some friends. I was in the air-conditioned apartment I rent in Queens for $155 a month. For that money in Harlem tenements you're lucky to get indoor plumbing that works. When I heard about the rioting on the radio, I grabbed my tape recorder and I got into Harlem, deep in, quick. I didn't know then that I wouldn't get out for many days.

Sunday, 4 a.m.

The police were shooting up Lenox Avenue. There were so many policemen firing at one time it sounded like automatic weapons going off on a front line and it reminded me of something like Korea. There were hundreds of cops, running in circles, and they all were shooting. People ran into doorways and fell down on the street and crawled under cars. The bullets hit windows and bricks on the old Harlem brownstones and screeched off at sharp angles and all I could hear was screaming. I don't think anybody really expected the cops to shoot. Harlem was surprised and afraid and angry. Some people wanted to shoot back.

A man wearing a straw hat and home-made Bermuda shorts with ragged edges was running down Lenox Avenue and when he saw some people huddled in a doorway he stopped and yelled at them:

"You got to organize. How in the hell are you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going to do anything, throwing bottles and running. Remember if we had a damn organization like Marcus Gravey had, you could get a rifle. Or if you wouldn't get a rifle you'll get a piece, and put it aside, Jim, because he can get his, he can get his. Retaliate. Then kill 'em, kill the cops all out. Let them call in their militia."

Sunday, 5 a.m.

New trouble on Lenox Avenue began before dawn when some kids broke into a grocery store. When the police cars came around the corner of 126th Street people up on top of the buildings started throwing bottles. Then more cops came and when somebody threw two Molotov cocktails into the street the cops began shooting again. Some of the bullets went into the windows of hotels and tenements. I turned the corner of 126th Street just as the shooting died down and I saw a big crowd standing in the middle of the street — the police had put up barricades against automobile traffic. I edged my way through the crowd to the middle where a black nationalist leader was talking to Inspector Thomas Prendergast, who was in charge of the 28th Precinct that night. Everybody was trying to listen. I got up close and nobody noticed my tape recorder:

The black nationalist spoke first.

"The children are afraid of those riot helmets. They're having a psychological effect on the children. I knew this. Pull them out of here. You can't do any worse than you're doing now. Let the people of the community, the businessmen, try to straighten this out. Give us a chance."

"You try that. I wish you luck," Prendergast said.

"The businessmen in Harlem don't want Harlem torn up. You must give us a chance to talk to the kids ourselves and get them under control."

"I have to obey orders."

"But there must be someone that you can go to. Someone higher up?"

"There's nothing I can do."

"There has to be someone who will go along with you — so we can stop this thing now."

"Listen, you and I both know who's doing all this. It's the Commies."

"Inspector Prendergast, for Christ's sake, these children wouldn't know Marx or Lenin if they were to come back from the tombs and walk down the streets of Harlem right this minute."

Then there was more shooting up the street and the Inspector ran off towards 125th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. The police were shooting over the heads of a crowd being led by James Farmer. When I got to 125th Street a Negro was talking to one of the Negro police captains. Negro policemen are always sent to trouble areas in Harlem.

"As long as you have all these policemen, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the majority is white, you're going to have this problem," the man told the Negro Captain.

"I understand this, but this is a problem someone else is going to have to solve."

Sunday, late afternoon

Dr. Yosef Ben Jochannan is a Black Jew. He is also an ardent African Nationalist, and got the biggest hand at Jessie Gray's stormy rally in the Mount Morris Presbyterian Church on 122nd Street and Mount Morris Avenue West. Gray, the Harlem rent strike leader, called for **"guerrilla warfare'** against the police. The 400 or 500 people who filled the church and overflowed into the street were in no mood for moderation. They booed CORE's James Farmer, and Bayard Rustin, the organizer of last summer's March on Washington. Farmer got the crowd to quiet down a little when he said "they had a right to be mad." Farmer said he saw a woman shot the night before. He said she had asked a policeman to get her a cab so she could get out of the riot area. Farmer said the policeman shot her right in the groin — and then when she fell to the ground and said she had to go to a hospital or die, the policeman told her to **"go ahead and die."**

That story was the only reason they listened to Farmer. He represented "dealing" with the white Establishment and that afternoon Harlem was in no mood for dealings. Jochannan, a well-educated black Jew from Ethiopia, who is a civil engineer in Harlem, was applauded wildly by the crowd which included many black nationalists. Jochannan attended Cambridge and still has a British accent. He attacked the churches and the crowd loved that because the churches preach moderation. And he touched on some of the black nationalist themes that people in Harlem hear every day — themes from speeches the white man rarely hears.

"There is no group that ever came to the United States even after the Africans were brought here that haven't at one time voted, based upon their race or national origin or religion. The Irish came together on the basis of being Catholic. They had to stick together and they had to vote as Irish in order to survive. The Italians had to vote as Italian — their respectability was built upon the Mafia which they now themselves fight — but that is how they got their money into the community. The original Mafia men, their children and grandchildren are now respectable people of the community.

"The Jews that came to the lower East Side had to fight and vote as Jews in order to survive. The Chinese had the Tong which kept the Chinese in order. Fortunately these people came as a group and they kept their culture and family all together.

"But the Afro-American has been denied this respectable racial solidarity. He has always been taught that only the white man knew anything — and he has always looked forward for them to tell him what to do.

"There are Irish-Americans and Italian-Americans and German-Americans but anyone who calls himself an Afro-American is considered a racist.

"You should never allow any white man to come into a black neighborhood and win an election. I think I read where in Chicago an Afro-American woman was running for office against a white man who had died before the election, yet he was still elected. This should never have happened. I don't care what the ticket is, but we blacks, not the whites, must control our own neighborhoods. Now you may say this is not legal and not part of the constitution, but let me tell you something. Everything was done to suit all the people here and many things were done apart from the constitution and may have made wrong a right, and we too have just as much right to this country as anyone else, for you came here with Columbus and there is no white man who has done more for America than any one black man."

Then Jochannan took off on religion. He said a lot of things that many people in Harlem think but are afraid to say out loud, especially the young people, who think the churches talk too much about moderation. It got the biggest round of applause.

"I was brought up as a religious person. As a matter of fact my family wanted me to be a Rabbi but after growing up and seeing the situation in all religions, I realized that the churches always support the state wherever they are. The churches can't help the people when the chips are down because their interest is with the power structure. In studying American history the only time the so-called ministry backed the people was the time they had the Africans, Methodist and Episcopal churches which had broken away from the white church and ran underground railroads helping slaves escape. Even during Nat Turner's time, the ministry was against him and turned him in when he was trying to burn down the South and assist his people in getting away from slave conditions and since that time the ministry has generally worked against the people.

"In Harlem all of these old theatres are being sold and turned into some church and the church always pays an exorbitant price — three times as much as the theatre is worth. Now the theatre goes out of business and the building is empty and yet the church comes in and pays these people prices much higher than the building is worth and instead of building a factory or some place to live, which we need desperately, especially the factory, instead we see another hallering place which is to talk only on Sunday and get the people's money. They haller all the time about getting the kids to camp, but do one of them own a camp, own a bus or do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they own a hospital? But they are taking the people's money. The ministry does not tell a person on Welfare not to give them money and ask those who can afford to pay to pay. They ask everyone to pay and if you are in the church for 30 years you pay every day and you die, the minister doesn't come to the funeral and if he does it will be just to the funeral parlor. He may come for a minute or two, but he certainly won't waste his gas to go to the burial ground and say a mass when they are throwing dirt on you.

"I say the black man has called upon Jesus Christ for so many years here in America — and now he starts calling on Mohammed and there are many who are calling on Moses — and at no time within this period has the black man's situation changed, nor has the black man any freedom. It is obvious that someone didn't hear his call or isn't interested in that call — either Jesus, Moses or Mohammed.

"Even Jesus when he got hung upon the cross, he said in his own Book — he says, Father, why has Thou forsaken me? He was calling for help. Now if he couldn't help himself how is he going to help you? If I went to a funeral parlor and I saw a dead man there, and I asked this dead man to help me, wouldn't you laugh at me when I ask Jesus, Mohammed or Moses to come and help me and they died over thousands of years ago? Yet you would laugh at me if I asked the one who just died yesterday and the body is almost still warm. But you won't laugh at me when I ask for help from someone where the bones are all deteriorated. Our position is not one to ask dead people to come back and help us; our position is to find ways and means to help ourselves."

Monday, afternoon

The tense, battle-torn streets of Harlem looked pale in the daylight — and the people were talking of just two things: what was going to happen tonight, and how much they hate the white cops.

This hate is always there but it only flares to outward violence in extreme times such as this. Harlem people feel that the cops are there for the benefit of the white man, not to guard the Negro against violence. In other communities, cops protect the inhabitants. In Harlem, they police them.

One of the most-frequent gripes against the police is that they aren't interested in investigating crimes against Negroes. If a white person is mugged, the police are right there. But if a Negro is mugged, as often happens, it is difficult to get the police to even make out a report.

Harlem thinks that just about every cop is crooked — taking bribes both from pushers and numbers men. One of the many numbers men in Harlem was standing in front of the Hotel Theresa and expressing this elementary resentment in a strange way. He said that when he was younger business was better because the "pads" weren't so high. ("Pads" are pay-offs to the police to operate a number. It can cost from $2600 to $3200 per month, and this entitles you to work out of a candy store or grocery store — but most often out of a hallway.) The numbers man was complaining that the "white man who came into Harlem" and needed protection had made pads so costly.

"Whenever the cops have to have someone cop a plea (plead guilty for a "show" arrest and get a light sentence), it is usually a Negro or a Puerto Rican who has to do it. If you go into court to some of the trials you would think that only Negroes and Puerto Ricans ran numbers in New York."

Monday, midnight

A distinguished looking Negro was standing in the street complaining to two policemen. The policemen were listening and they don't usually listen to Negroes who are complaining so I went over. The man said he had been hit in the head with a club by the cops and he was angry.

"I was trying to put out a fire. In front of my own building. The kids set those damn barrels on fire, in front of my building and I was trying to put them out. The cops hit me on the head, for trying to stop the fire. I told them I was trying to put out the fire and I asked them where's the protection for the black man that has a business in Harlem? My name is Joseph Monroe. I'm a pioneer of fifty years in Harlem. I've owned a business here for 27 years. I'm no newcomer. It's not the first time this sort of thing has happened, and the idea is this: what protection has the black man got in Harlem? The cops protect all the white man's business in Harlem. You see the white business with big iron rails all in front of them and white policemen standing outside, but a black man gets no protection at all. The police department protects the white businessman in New York City. Now the enterprises that are owned and controlled and operated by Negroes have no protection. I operate a business at 217 West 125th Street. When I tried to put out a fire in front of my building I was hit with a club by the cops. This is in front of my own building and that is the white man's thinking of Harlem. It's entirely different. We are not trying to start anything here in Harlem. This is not a riot. I've seen riots in Harlem and this isn't one. This is something the white man has created to be a riot. They want to make it look like a riot, but we are not here to break up Harlem to satisfy the Police Commissioner. If the Mayor had any integrity he would remove the Police Commissioner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He would direct things that would benefit the community. We haven't got the money to set up a lot of businesses — to pay high insurance. We haven't got the money to compete. Yet everything is guarded through the day and night by the Police Department for the protection of white business. I am a member of the Chamber of Commerce — I own a public relations firm and I'm a member of one of the biggest fraternal organizations on 126th Street. From Captain Winsbury to Captain Flood's time, Inspector Wheeler and all of them know me personally. I've seen the abuse of the people in Harlem. I am not like these ministers that hide in their shadows when you're looking for them to come out and save Harlem. I will do all I can to talk to these kids and save Harlem, and ask for the removal of the white policemen out of Harlem and get Harlem back to normal and restore it. Whoever incites anything it is not the Negroes in Harlem. In my years in Harlem this is the first of it that I have seen where the police intimidated Negroes. It looks to me like the white people are looking for trouble and not us."

Tuesday, 1 a.m.

I heard moaning in a doorway on 125th Street. I found a young boy not more than 12 or 13, lying on the ground. His head was bleeding and there were two friends with him and they were holding his head. He said he couldn't move his legs. I asked him what happened to him.

"I was walking down the street when the cop come over to me and said 'Get out of here.' As I turned to go he hit me and then they began to beat me up.

"The reason I was beat up is because I didn't run. People had told me though, if I ran the police would beat me up so I didn't run. First, one cop was beating me. I grabbed his stick, and then two other cops start beating me with their sticks. And then when I was going down the street after they beat me up some more cops came along and hit me too."

Shortly after

A Harlem man in an open white shirt with blood on it was running down 125th Street towards the cops who were lined up at the corner. The blood was his wife's, and she was running after him, crying. She was bleeding in the face and was trying to catch her husband before he got down to the cops. **"Let's go home, I don't want any trouble,"** she cried. But the man kept running. **"If you want to go home go alone. I want to find the cop that hit you,"** he said. He ran up to a police Captain and said that a cop had smashed his wife in the face with a club for no reason. The Captain said there were too many policemen around to find out who did it. But the Harlem man wouldn't go away. So the white Captain sent for a Negro Captain to calm him down. But all the man kept saying was **"Don't tell me a damn thing — just line up all these white faces and let me show you the one that hit my wife."**

Tuesday, 1:30 a.m.

It had been quiet for a while in the 32nd Precinct, then a dozen squad cars raced past me on the street and stopped two blocks ahead at Eighth Avenue. I ran and saw the cops getting out of their cars. They had their guns out and were shooting in the air, like cowboys on a round-up. Then I heard the breaking of glass and people yelling. By the time I was in front of Sam's West Side Bar and Grill there were already a dozen cops inside. I went in as the cops were coming out. Some bystanders had gone in and were helping out six or seven Negroes who were badly beaten up. Everybody inside had a bloody head. One of the persons was the bartender:

"I shut up early because somebody smashed in the window of the supermarket across the street and I was afraid of trouble. I locked the doors from the inside, everybody in here wanted to stay where it was safe. Then maybe twenty, twenty-five minutes later the cops came. They didn't even look across the street to where the trouble had been. They saw the light here, I guess, and shot right through my window. Right through it. Then they took their clubs and broke out the rest of the window. I opened the door and a Lieutenant came in and I told him I was the bartender and he hit me. He hit me with his stick. I kept telling him I was the bartender, but he kept hitting me."

The people inside said that after the bartender got it, all the cops ran in and started beating them, too. One man named Jerry was wiping blood off his face. **"I just come here from work, and look, they cracked my head,"** he said.

I found one man still inside the bar, sitting against the wall. His face was thick with blood and he had a big open gash on the top of his head. His hat was on the floor and it was filled with blood. There was blood right to the brim and when I picked it up the blood poured out slowly like maple syrup. I don't know why, but I wrapped that hat in paper and kept it. I still have it. The man didn't really speak but he kind of wailed.

"They knocked out the glass, forced us to open the door, and began beating on us, with no provocation at all, no provocation, no provocation whatsoever."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I went outside and tried to interview the policeman in charge. No arrests were made at the bar, and I asked him why.

He wouldn't talk to me, and he wouldn't give his name. Just then a flower pot crashed to the street right by us. All the cops started shooting in the air again and everybody ran for cover.

The next morning the papers said that the police reported they had chased two people into the bar and that was the reason for the trouble there. Nothing was said about the door being locked for 20 minutes before the cops arrived.

Tuesday, 2 a.m.

About ten minutes later Bayard Rustin arrived in front of the bar. Rustin, the man who put together the March on Washington for the civil rights bill, looked dazed. He had been booed in Harlem on Sunday and he couldn't understand why. But now he saw all of the blood and he was visibly shaken. **"My God," he said, "I didn't realize it was really like this. I don't blame the people for booing me. I wasn't aware the police actually treated people this way."**

Then he asked what he could do to help. He was put into a car with another man to go over to the 32nd Precinct and see what he could do to stop the shooting.

Wednesday, 2 p.m.

Thunder-showers made the heat even stickier, and the pool at a public school gymnasium in Harlem was crowded. One of Harlem's most respected educational leaders, a high school official, was standing by the pool watching the kids splash around. He analyzed the terror ripping his community apart and he was bitter.

"I feel that the trouble is the direct result of the racist policy of the power structure. Not only in New York City, but in New York State and throughout the nation. The manner in which they choose to disregard the legitimate requests of Negro leadership, responsible people of the community driving the long, hard drive to freedom — they choose to label these people as irresponsible radicals. The establishment was told that they should begin to talk to these people, or the brick-throwers would be in the streets, and the real irresponsible element would be on the street in larger numbers. And now the people have taken their case to the streets. They are not demonstrating peacefully as they were doing last summer and this is the long, hot summer that they have been talking about.

"However, the violence has not come from the black community. I think all of the violence — the brutality — has come from the white community as represented by the Police Department. Their brutality, this unnecessary brutality that they are bringing against the black people who have been denied their just rights as citizens for these many years — it is going to cause people to become more and more demanding and more enthusiastic and they are going to stay out in the streets. I think they should stay in the streets and I think the more that we push and the more that we explain the situation as it is now, the faster we are going to get action.

"Dr. Kenneth Clark (the noted Negro educator who helped write the brief that was given to the Supreme Court in the 1954 school desegregation case) has said that he could not let his conscience interfere with his profession as a psychologist, and he could not see how the average Negro leaders could again preach moderation to the Negro people. Now when an eminently qualified man like this who has been identified with the forces of moderation and negotiation speaks out in this manner, we have to be attentive. We have to be aware that what is happening is simply the explosion of long suppressed feelings on the part of Negroes. These Negroes were not told to take to the streets by their leaders. They went on their own.

"Another thing I would like to mention. The press is once again up to its old tactics of — as Harry Truman said when he was President — dragging a red herring across the trail. They play up the question of Communism, and extremists from their white community, supporting, aiding and abetting the Negro movement. One reason they're doing this is to imply that the black community is neither capable nor has the desire to do anything like this. Since America has been conditioned to reject anything labeled Communist since the McCarthy era, they feel that this will tend to divide Negroes among themselves and any white sympathizers. So they label it a red-dominated movement. I say that there may well be Communists involved. But I am sure that they are not leading this. This is an expression of a frustration of a people who have been denied any consideration for more than 300 years. I don't see how any person with any intelligence could think or expect anything but this, and I marvel that there's been so little violence coming from the black community. But the black community has not yet expressed itself as it will do. The black community in my opinion is being victimized and is the recipient at this point of brutality and violence from the police. They have not yet turned and begun to fight back, but they are going to do this — to fight back.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The police are operating under the stupid belief that the violent techniques used in the 30's by big business against the labor movement will work today against the Negro movement. They are using this kind of intimidation and force and fear to drive Negroes back into their shells where they will hide, and be afraid to come out again for another century.

"One of the things that most impressed me on the streets in Harlem during the riots was that the police made a tactical error by resorting to the use of firearms — which according to mob-control procedure is the last step that you should take. There are five steps that the police usually take with a mob, and the use of guns is the last; it is the last and only thing that they can turn to when all other things have failed.

"The New York City Police Department decided to use an extreme measure, something that has never happened before and in my view it has backfired on them. I saw Negro people refusing to run when guns were literally placed at their heads, the cops firing at random, and they stood their ground and they had nothing in their hands. They stood their ground and talked back to the cops and they did not move. This means that gunfire has failed to intimidate and cower Negroes and therefore the only thing now that has to happen is for Negroes to begin to fire back. They have no fear of the policemen's guns and the sound of firearms, and it's only logical that they will come out with their own weapons. Then we will see how brave these cops are, the cops that have been volunteering to go into Harlem and Brooklyn. No man in his right mind volunteers for the front line, when he knows that his enemy has the same weapons that he has. He only volunteers to go on a mission when he knows that there is no danger, that there is nothing likely to happen to him. This is why these cops are as eager to get up here where there's 'Coon-hunting season.' "

Wednesday, 9:15 p.m.

A popular eating place on Lenox Avenue is the Chinese Restaurant near 124th Street. Chinese people own it, but they sell all Southern food — Oxtail, piggies, all the special things that you can buy in most colored restaurants. The restaurant was crowded. People were sitting in their shirt sleeves and talking about the riots. Most everybody was listening to a man in a neat business suit who was talking very loudly.

"Everytime something terrible happens, it always happens in your own home Harlem town. On your own land, and why? Because you haven't went past 110th Street and raised no hell yet — you haven't went downtown. You haven't done nothing yet. It's always on your own hometown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Three times they've did it here. The cops do everything now, right out in the open, because they don't care, and you know why? Because he's still coming in on your territory. Now let's go downtown and get together and do it.

"So what if some of us gets busted in the head, and get killed, 'cause they keep coming in your own territory and bust you in the head anyway and kill you anytime they get ready."

Wednesday, later

I was at 127th Street and Lenox Avenue and watching a grocery store being looted across the street. The store was right underneath the militant Progressive Labor Movement headquarters at 336 Lenox Avenue and upstairs they were holding a meeting. There were about 25 or 30 people up there and you could see them inside through a big glass window. A young fellow in his middle 20's was standing next to me watching. He had a patch on his head and I asked what had happened to him.

"Last night I was coming from Madison Avenue down 116th Street around 10:30 and all of a sudden I heard a shot, and then a lot of patrol cars came around the block, so naturally everybody began to run. A bunch of us ran up some stairs and curled up in a huddle. The inside door was locked, so we all jammed in there just like sardines in the entrance hallway and waited. I'm the last one, so I'm the first one they grabbed. A Sergeant who had on a black helmet pulled me out and then he threw me through the air right into a big crowd of policemen on the sidewalk and they started wailing me with their clubs and I went unconscious and when I woke up I was in the hospital. I have twelve stitches in my head and I haven't been charged with no crime."

Thursday, about 1 a.m.

The CORE first aid station is on 125th Street in three small upstairs offices. Normally the place is just an office but since Saturday night it was a first aid station for the injured in Harlem.

Two registered nurses were on duty and medics with walky-talkies went out on the streets during the riots finding the bleeding and the people who had been shot and were still lying on the sidewalk. The medics wore crash helmets to identify them.

There were a few city ambulances at the riots but usually if you were shot or beat up and lying on the sidewalk the police would pick you up when things quieted down and toss you in the back seat of a squad car and take you to the hospital.

There was a young man lying on a cot in the CORE first aid station. I asked what happened to him.

"I was walking down 125th Street near Seventh by the clock between Lenox and Seventh and then I heard shooting and about six or ten cops ran up behind me. They started calling me a nigger bastard and then one hit me in the head with his club. Then they all started hitting me on my back and my legs with clubs. I wasn't running at all, I was just walking, but when I turned around to see they started hitting me and calling me 'a nigger bastard.' "

Daytime Thursday

The riots are good for the addicts. Dope addicts form a large part of the Harlem landscape — on any day, at any hour, you can walk into Harlem and see groups of addicts "cool" or "getting ready to sit down." They are standing on street corners, milling about — not bothered by the cops.

Addicts have to steal for a living. Their habits won't allow them to work — they have what they call a "strung-out condition." The jagged open windows in Harlem during these nights of terror gave them the go-sign for looting.

The "cools' " techniques are refined to the finest scientific points — it is well known in Harlem that they can get you any item you want, in any size or color, from any store — and that means from Fifth Avenue to the West Side — within 24 hours.

New York doesn't do anything about its addicts. There must be 50,000 dope addicts in Harlem alone. They operate openly and the police never see them. The police didn't see them Wednesday night, when they started shooting and chasing after the kids smashing windows on Lenox Avenue, and the addicts methodically cleaned out the stores like piranha tearing flesh from a bone.

There is a saying that no white man is safe in Harlem. But the white dope addict is. He runs freely in mixed packs of Puerto Rican and Negro addicts — and the police never seem to think this relationship suspicious.

I talked to a woman who is working to solve Harlem's worst problem and she, like most everybody here who is trying to do something good, is frustrated. Her name is Mrs. Coleman and she works out of the Upper Park Avenue Baptist Church on 125th Street for a Harlem anti-crime, anti-narcotics committee.

"We have for the past few years been working on a program — trying to work on a program — to eliminate narcotics from the community. This committee is concentrated here in Harlem, because here is where we have the greatest dope problem — the greatest in the country. The Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant areas have more addicts — far more — than any other part of the United States. The biggest problem in Harlem is the pushers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They work right out on the streets — stand on corners — and allow our children to see them openly pushing drugs in the community. This has become almost socially accepted in Harlem. It goes on everywhere. It isn't easy to get the pushers arrested. They work in a certain building or on a certain corner, and you might be able to give the police his description but you seldom know his name. If he is in a room you are not likely to know what room it is, if he works out of a hotel you are not likely to know what room he occupies in the hotel — and yet you know that he's in the hotel or in the brownstone.

"In the other areas of the city — white areas — if a person was operating a drug business so openly you wouldn't need details for the police to go looking for him. But nothing is done about it in Harlem and we suffer the greatest loss — the loss of numbers of our children to drugs. Our studies show that, each year, of the children who get out of school in June, from one to two percent of them do not return in September. They've been hooked on drugs during the summer. These youths that are lost each year intermingle with the already large addict and criminal element of Harlem and things get worse and worse.

"We who are trying to stop this feel somehow that this condition is allowed purposely to perpetuate itself. It is a wonderful way in the process of demoralizing people to get at its youth and destroy them. It is not easy to cure a drug addict — even a young one — unless you catch them at an early stage. Thousands of our young people are being destroyed by the use of drugs yet there seems to be very little done to stop the flow of drugs into Harlem.

"The availability of drugs here is absolutely ridiculous. You can obtain drugs in the Harlem area on almost every block. On practically every street corner, there is a pusher at various times of the day. This is by now almost accepted by the community. Almost every decent citizen can point you out a drug pusher.

"One thing I'd like to know. How it is that a policeman who is working in an area daily — not those who come in for some other reason, but a man who is on duty daily here — never gets to know that a man is pushing drugs? When the man is pushing drugs out on the street every day? We'd also like to know why it is that when these people are reported to the police very little is done about it. A drug house can run anywhere from 7, 8, 9 or 10 months and you can see a drove of addicts going in three or four times a day and nothing is done about it. Many times they come out and they can't even get down the stoop. They have just had a shot and they have gone into this nod and they can't even get down the stoop. If they make it to the corner, well, they have done good.

"On practically any rooftop in Harlem you can look on the lower rooftops about 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon and see a drove of addicts taking to the roof where they use their needles on themselves. This goes on daily. You find the same thing in many hallways, or behind stairs.

"Women often have their pocket-books snatched here by addicts — yet the crimes go on and we still have a flow of drugs in here.

"It seems that it should be possible for the police to stop so many people from pushing drugs in Harlem. We believe that the dope situation is something that is going to keep our people going down with nothing to help them and no one to get to them. We don't have the authority to do anything about someone who is pushing drugs. We cannot go out and arrest them ourselves and we can't do anything that is violent. This is all wrong.

"We are trying to save our youth from being enticed into and talked into and sometimes even forced into drug addiction. It is a fact that a pusher constantly has to have more customers. The more customers the better off he is if he happens to be an addict himself. Yet most pushers must make money for a big man — a man outside of Harlem. There may be one big pusher in the community or even two really big pushers — but we know that these drugs are not brought in here by the Negro community. This is something that comes from outside — because there aren't that many Negroes that are in the position to buy large quantities of drugs coming into the country or even have the contacts to get hold of large quantities of drugs.

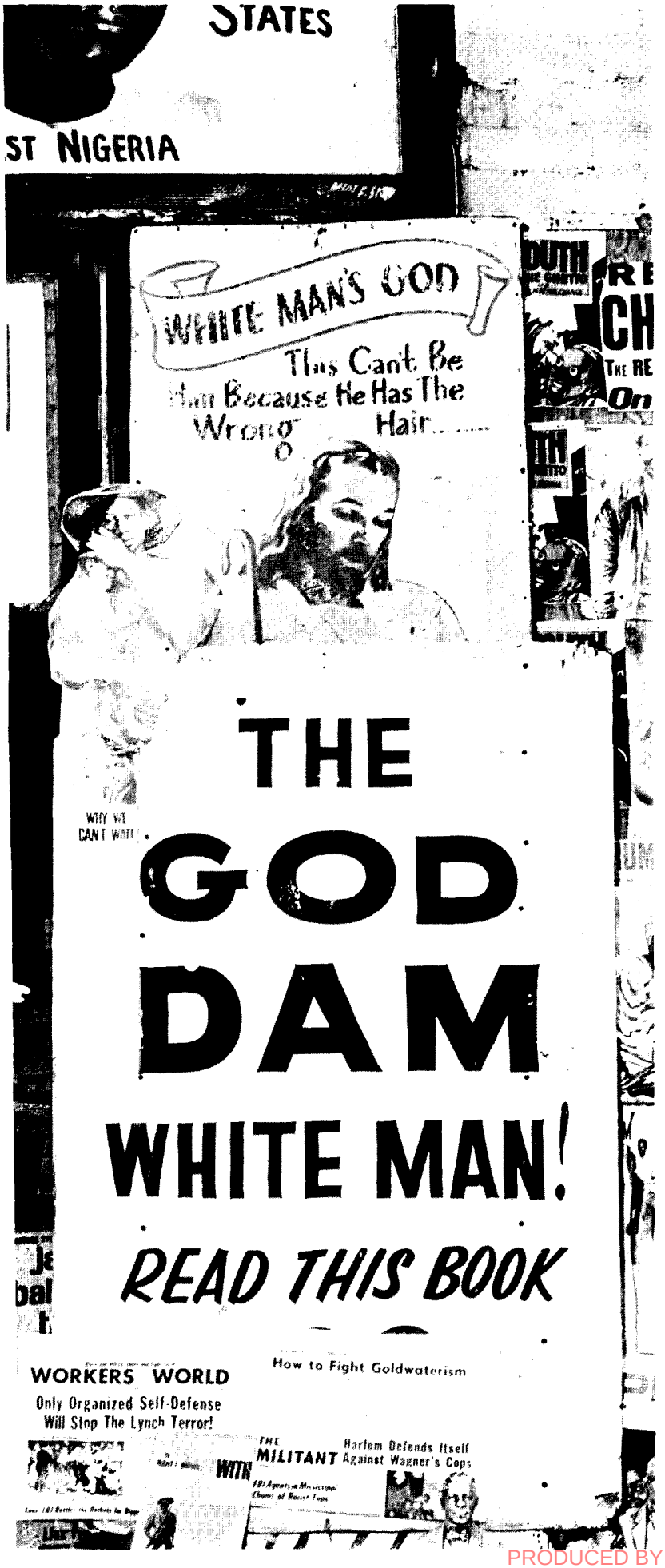
"The drugs — the big quantities — seem to be earmarked for the Negro community whether it be Harlem or Brooklyn or Chicago. They are always earmarked for the Negro community and we haven't got a chance of fighting our own juvenile delinquency when the children can see drug pushers standing out on the corners and nothing being done about it by the police.

"The parents are preaching constantly that this is right and this is wrong and you should abide by the right way, and yet the most vicious and the most murderous of all things in Harlem is drug pushing and drug addiction and the kids see nothing done about it — this main and most important problem.

"We have addicts that come to Harlem from Jersey, from Connecticut and from all over, since New York has very liberal narcotic laws compared to many other states. Cars pull up, these people come in here and they line our streets and our corners all day and sometimes all night. On weekends many young people from other areas come into Harlem for dope and they could not get away with doing this anywhere else in the city. This could all be stopped. And we wonder why in a Negro community this sort of thing can continue without interference from our law enforcement."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The March that Failed

by Warren Hinckle

Harlem.
Saturday.

THE MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE slowly stopped turning, like the cord had been pulled out of the wall, and the young Negro who had been running off the sheets of blue paper leaned over to see what went wrong. He didn't hear the telephone ring beside him, and someone else had to cross the room and pick up the receiver and say "Progressive Labor Movement."

Those are bad words in New York. The Progressive Labor Movement is the most radical, ultra-militant group in Harlem where its leader, 32-year-old William Epton, left the Communist party because he felt it "too conservative." The PLM has a rag-bag ideology of Chinese-style Communism, African nationalism, black supremacy, and Marxist-Leninist theorizing. Its goals are vague, but its tactics are uncompromisingly tough.

This toughness was apparent on the Saturday following the days of bloody rioting in Harlem, when the PLM announced plans for a new mass demonstration which police were sure would touch off the rioting again.

The demonstration, a march down Lenox Avenue, was scheduled for 4 p.m. I arrived at PLM's headquarters at 336 Lenox Avenue shortly before 2 p.m. The mimeograph machine had been whirling off blue sheets which were snatched up by volunteers and rushed downstairs and out onto the crowded Harlem streets. These were broadsides urging the people to turn out for the march, despite a ban by the police and opposition from most of the other Negro groups in Harlem.

The PLM office on Lenox Avenue is in the heart of the most depressed slums in Harlem. It is a loft

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up a narrow, broken flight of stairs in a decaying two-story building permeated with the smells of urine and stale cabbage. A full plate-glass window fronted the loft, but not much light came in because the window was plastered with crude inflammatory signs and a brutal drawing of a cop beating up a Negro. The glass had a bullet hole in it, a scar of the week past. I looked out the window and saw three cops on the roof directly across the street, staring in at me and at the window that carried to them the message of the Negroes' hate. Up and down Lenox Avenue, along the route of the march, cops with long clubs were standing at every corner and in the middle of each block.

The door to a small back room opened and the PLM leaders walked out, laughing, unconcerned with the tension that was building outside. The talk among them turned to Communism. As is true of all talk in the PLM, it was blunt and to the point. "This is not a black organization," one of the PLM leaders was saying. "It's black, all right, here in Harlem, but outside, in other cities, the membership is often largely young white kids, students, many of them from middle class families.

"That is what people don't understand. People in Harlem like us because we're tough. Because we're willing to fight and they're tired of talk. The papers say this business is Communist influenced, but most of our workers are so anti-white they're anti-Communist. They feel the Communist party is a white man's party. Negroes have never forgotten the Scottsboro case; they feel that the Communists have been using them for their red goals and not the Negroes' goals which are much more physical than ideological.

"Even when a Negro is a Communist — and I will include Negroes who are Communist officials — he is a Negro first and a Communist second. Political theory is one thing, but he can never forget the color of his skin. And he can never betray it."

The door crashed open and three white Catholic Workers came in. They had come to join the march. They were wearing sweat shirts, hand-cut Bermuda shorts and tennis shoes. They looked like kids going to a beach party. The Negroes nearly threw them down the stairs.

"Get out! Get out of here! No whites, no whites in the march!" a woman screamed at them.

"You'll start a riot! This is a black march! Get away and go back where you belong. We welcome your support, but not today," a PLM leader told the startled trio. Everyone in the room was yelling, screaming for them to leave. The Catholic Workers disappeared quickly down the stairs. They didn't understand the desperation of the new Negro militancy which is a fight to make life in the ghetto liveable before the ghetto explodes into terrible cycles of violence and death, and it is a black fight. "If we had white men in that march," a PLM leader said, "it would send Harlem up in flames. There is mean feeling today for white people who come here and walk and then go back to their white homes again."

But it wasn't the white people, not even the massed forces of the white police, who stopped the march. It was the Negro leadership of Harlem — the "black establishment" — as the black radicals call them.

While the PLM people were talking, another meeting was going on further uptown in Harlem, on 125th Street. There, representatives of the major Negro groups, CORE, NAACP, other established civil rights organizations, Negro churchmen and Harlem businessmen, met to kill the march. They feared it would bring new violence to the streets and further weaken their faltering hold on the unhappy people of Harlem. They drafted a handbill urging Harlem people not to join in the march, and to stay inside the tenements. Sound trucks, supplied by the city, drove up and down Lenox Avenue and Negroes sat in the trucks' front seats and pleaded with everyone to stay home. "Let's get our community back to normal," the loudspeakers on top of the trucks blared. "Let's not have no more trouble."

But word of more than these preparations came back to the PLM. A Negro rushed into the crowded loft 30 minutes before the march time of 4 p.m.

"Goons!" he yelled. "They're gonna let black goons break up the march!"

The tiny loft exploded. Epton, the Harlem PLM leader, finally got silence and the informant continued. He said that opposition leaders had quietly agreed to let one of the splinter black nationalist groups in Harlem "break up the march."

"His goons will jump us, then the cops will move in and it'll be all over. That's the plan."

"Let's go anyway! We'll fight 'em!" someone yelled.

"No."

It was Conrad Lynn, the attorney for the PLM, who spoke. "We can't have blacks fighting blacks; it's the old shell game. They want to divide us, to show the world that Harlem is not united."

Epton spoke up. "We can't fight our black brothers," he said. Then he was silent; everybody knew what he meant. The word went out.

Epton, Lynn and some other PLM officials left the loft a few minutes later, to walk the half dozen blocks down Lenox Avenue to 116th Street where the march was to have formed, a short walk of protest which ended in arrest.

There was no big crowd walking with them. The word was out. The loft drained slowly of people, and I walked down the rickety stairs to the hot and dirty streets of Harlem.

WARREN HINCKLE *is the executive editor of* RAMPARTS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is a gap of understanding between Jews and Arabs which must be bridged if we are to have peace . . .

Arabs & Jews

by Judy Stone

On the night after Christmas, 1963, an extraordinary sound pierced the silence of the Arab village of Taibeh, northeast of Tel Aviv in Israel. From the home of one of the village's most respected dignitaries came the loud and lively strains of a Hebrew melody "*David, King of Israel . . . is alive and existing . . .*" If an Arab strolling by could scarcely believe his ears, it was no less astonishing to most of the 80 Arab and Jewish guests crowded within the home. From the moment the towering young Arab school teacher, son of the host, burst into the Hebrew song, and his Arab friends hesitantly joined in, there was a feeling of warmth and good will indescribably moving to all those present who knew only too well the hatred, wounds and bitterness in the hearts of Arabs and Jews in the Holy Land.

For Nina De-Nur, who was responsible for this unique meeting, that unexpected song meant less than her fervid hope it might also be an omen for the future. It was the future she had talked about in Hebrew and Arabic earlier in the evening when she told the old story of one little boy in Holland, who, by keeping his finger in the dike, had prevented a disastrous flood. Perhaps from a small beginning the development of understanding and friendship among Jews and Arabs in Israel could lead to peace in the Middle East and prevent a world conflagration. She stood there, a woman in her forties, buxom and flamboyant, her face flushed with excitement, introducing people of good will to each other, with formal little Middle Eastern flourishes. The Jews knew her as a third-generation "sabra," daughter of the prominent surgeon, Dr. Joseph G. Asherman, and the wife of one of Israel's most famous authors, a survivor of Auschwitz who retained his concentration camp number, Ka-tzetnik 135633, as his pen-name and his pledge to make the world never forget.

The Arabs watched Mrs. De-Nur with reserve, shy about their first social contact with Jews, ears and spirits warily tuned for the faintest false note. Their wives, in Western dress, some holding babies in their arms, sat beside them, but how many worlds apart, one couldn't know. The presence of the women had involved many discussions and was conditioned on a decision to bar all bachelors (with the exception of the young poet, Rashid Hussein, a favored friend of the host's family). Other Arabs who had known Mrs. De-Nur over the past year, listened with respect because they had come to value the conviction that underlies her words: "If I say I have a right to this country because of the dialogue between God and Abraham, then I must accept Ishmael as my brother."

Until a year before, Mrs. De-Nur had never known a Palestinian Arab; until a few years ago, Abdal Aziz Zuabi, 38-year-old deputy mayor of Nazareth, had not known any Jews well, but just as Auschwitz in a sense helped to assure the foundation of the State of Israel, so also Auschwitz had helped to burn a belief into these two Israelis of the need for friendship between their two peoples. Mrs. De-Nur's way is womanly, impulsive, non-political, personal and her dream: an Israeli "peace corps" for Arab villages and establishment of a John F. Kennedy peace center for the Middle East on the Israel-Jordan border in Jerusalem. Zuabi's way is more organized and political, any conflict he may feel between loyalty to the State of Israel and love of his own people has been restrained and submerged in a drive to break down the walls of suspicion and ignorance that stand between Arabs and Jews. To further this end, he toured the United States recently to raise funds for a new school which opened

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

last October, the Givat Haviva Center of Jewish-Arab and Afro-Asian Studies, in the Hadera area north of Tel Aviv, specifically aimed at this goal.

I do not know, nor would I pretend to guess what public opinion they represent in Israel, but through them, I caught a glimpse of the incredible complexity —social, religious, economic, political and psychological—of Arab-Jewish relations in Israel and their present and potential effect on the Middle East.

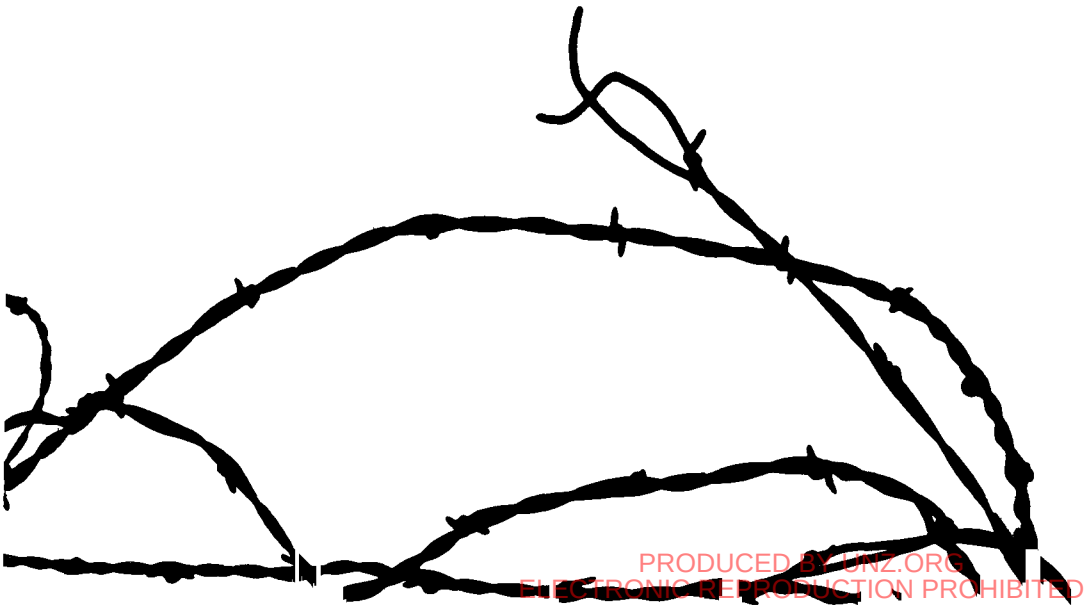
For centuries, Jews and Arabs had lived peacefully together, the fruits of their learning mutually rewarding during Islam's Golden Age. The seeds of the present conflict were sown by Great Britain during the first World War. In order to win their support, irreconcilable promises were made by the British to both the Jews and Arabs: for the Jews, a return to Palestine as the land from which they had been exiled; and for the Arabs, an appeal to their newly awakened nationalism. The almost total destruction of European Jewry in World War II and the urgency of finding a home for their remnants brought the Palestine issue to the fore at the United Nations, which on November 29, 1947, recommended division of Palestine into three parts: an Arab state, a Jewish state, and an international enclave of Jerusalem.

Supporting the UN's decision, the Jewish community made preparations to put it into effect, but the Arab states were determined to resist. For the next six months, until the end of the British Mandate and the proclamation of the State of Israel on May 14, 1948, disturbances grew into open warfare between Arabs and Jews and soon 30,000 Arabs fled the country to other Arab lands, soon to be joined by thousands more. Before they left, Palestine's total Arab population had been 1,300,000. In the territory that was to become Israel, there were 514,000 Jews and 310,000 Arabs. By the time armistice agreements between Israel and Egypt, Lebanon, Jordan and Syria were signed in 1949, only 170,000 Arabs were left in Israel, including 30,000 who were refugees within the state. Approximately three-quarters of a million were in refugee camps along the border, a figure which has since grown to nearly a million. Today, among approximately 2,000,000 Jews in Israel, there are a quarter of a million Arabs, including 40,000 refugees who have re-entered the state under a government plan for reunification of families.

FACED WITH THE DEMANDS of organizing a new state, providing housing and work for the European survivors of concentration camps, coping with the unexpected influx of thousands of Jews from North African countries, preserving the state against infiltration and attack by hostile Arab nations, the young country found it was no simple matter to put into effect her proclamation of independence which guaranteed equal rights for Arab citizens. This guarantee assured their religious and cultural freedom, their own schools, banned discrimination and the expropriation of Arab land except for public purposes and then only with full compensation.

There had been little time to plan a constructive way to solve the economic and cultural problems created by differences between a predominantly patriarchal Arab agricultural society and a Jewish commercial industrial society with a European background and a socialist orientation. Overnight Israel had to deal with security problems among a minority which largely opposed the existence of the State; to integrate into a Zionist nation a large group of its citizens opposed to Zionism, to determine the position of Arab citizens in the police forces and the military, to deal with the intense psychological problems of a defeated and leaderless people in a land where they had once been the majority.

Although Arabs today recognize the improvements in health, welfare and education that the state has brought to them, there is bitterness over the continuation of arbitrary military rule in many of their villages, the confiscation of Arab land without adequate compensation and the resentment that stems from the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

breakdown of the old Arab society without the economic and social opportunity for young people to integrate into the new. The continuance of sporadic killings along the border and the refusal of the Arab states to recognize Israel helps to maintain the tensions among her people.

"Do not dwell on the past," say the Arabs and Jews who want to make a fresh start. But the past is not so easily forgotten.

The first time Nina De-Nur felt "Jewish in the painful sense" was when she served during World War II with a Palestinian unit attached to the British Army's auxiliary territorial service in Cairo. One afternoon she saw a film of Bergen Belson, showing the cadavers in the trenches of that concentration camp, the starved and helpless victims, and, as she walked out of the theatre, still quivering with shock, a British serviceman wisecracked that "the Jews are everywhere."

"I took an oath right then," she said, "to fight for the rest of my life against this oldest cancer in humanity. At first it was just to fight against anti-Semitism and then I widened it to include any hate for any group, any generalization. If you're going to try to find any sense at all in the yellow star the Nazis made the Jews sew on, any sense in the killing of six million Jews, it should be found in their legacy that says 'don't do unto others what you don't want them to do to you.' The whole story of Judaism to me means that."

Although she had never known Arabs in Palestine, she became acquainted with many in Egypt and once saved the men in a labor gang from the whip of a brutal British sergeant. "When I think of Egypt," she says, "I cannot think of them as my enemies."

Before leaving the Army, she was taken by a group of Egyptian officers on a trip to Karnak, a village on the Nile, famous for its ruins of ancient Thebes. During that moonlight boat ride, a professor from the Al Azhar University in Cairo, talked to them about the beginnings of civilization. When they landed at Karnak, he took Nina aside and said, "I am a member of the Arab League. After the war is over, you Jews will have an independent nation. It is a historical necessity. And a river of blood will flow between us, that too is historical necessity; but then peace will come because *that* too is historical necessity. I wish us both luck."

When she returned to Palestine in 1946, she was still trying to come to terms with the meaning of the European Holocaust but it remained an intellectual exercise until she discovered a book called *Salamandra* – Salamander, the mythical creature that no fire can destroy. It had been written by a wreck of a man, one of the first concentration camp survivors to arrive in Italy. When he reached a Jewish military unit, he weighed all of 81 pounds, but he refused food, drink or clothes. "Give me pen and paper and a place where I can write" was all he asked for and for two weeks he wrote, indifferent to food or drink, silent, withdrawn, driven to tell the story of Auschwitz and the destruction that had reached out to every member of his family.

After finishing *Salamandra* in one sitting, Nina walked the streets of Tel Aviv in a daze, with the odd feeling that no Jews had been left alive on earth. She had a premonition that she and the author would meet; and they did, six months later. They were married soon afterward. Not until many years later, after the birth of their two children, did she learn that he had been a Polish poet before the war and that the tragic subjects of his later books *House of Dolls* and *Atrocity*, the story of a girl and boy the Nazis used for their sexual perversions, were his own brother and sister.

Whatever terrible lessons he learned in Auschwitz, they somehow had purged him of hate and convinced him that "hatred is barren." From him, Nina said, she "came to hate hatred, finally, emotionally, rationally and physically."

In 1962, Mrs. De-Nur was appointed administrative director of a government-sponsored project, and shortly thereafter, she met Souad Karaman, a poet and women's editor in charge of the Arabic women's corner on the radio. When she invited Nina to spend the night at her home "that started my travel through Arab land. I just listened, learned and absorbed."

When Mrs. De-Nur addressed the Arab women in their own language on the radio, it was a woman's approach: "A human being grows in our bodies the same way the world over, we women hear the first cry, we women are the first to bewail the premature, unnecessary death of a human being; we women feel with our womb and think with our hearts, perhaps we shall succeed where the men who say they think with their brains have failed."

LATER SHE WAS ASKED to speak in person in Nazareth. As she recalled their common forefather Abraham and the traditions in their country, she saw some women smile, some look suspicious and some "close their eyes tight against me." She realized for the first time that the Jew in Israel is always on test with the Arabs in the same way that the Arabs are always on test with the Jews.

When she had finished speaking, a gnarled and bent old Arab woman of 70 approached her and took her hand and said: "You have a good dream," but then she told Mrs. De-Nur of the reality. She had gone recently from her home in Nazareth to Haifa and forgot to take her military pass. A young Irsaeli soldier insisted she return to Nazareth in a police car. "Me, an old woman whose grandfather was born in Nazareth, I was so ashamed."

A short time later, Nina and her husband decided to open their home once a week as a meeting place for Jews and Arabs – "with all the implications that the house of Ka-Tzetnik has in Israel." She told the Arabs that she was not to be considered their host, that she would serve them, but that they must be the hosts and open the conversation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

During August, when the informal group adjourned for the summer, Mrs. De-Nur took the opportunity to study a number of Arab villages, going to them for two and three-day visits with ordinary villagers. At Teera, she was told, "We have been waiting for such a message for years, like parched soil praying for the first rain."

When the open house evenings resumed, a series of lectures were given on the Arab village and its changes since the formation of the State, the future of Arab youth and Arab women since the time of the Koran. Robert St. John, author of biographies on Nasser and Ben-Gurion, visited them and pointed out that they were talking too much and doing too little.

At the suggestion of some Arab leaders, including Zuabi, they decided to try to help ease the plight of Arabs who were swarming into the cities from their villages to work as construction laborers. Too far from their homes to return every night, they could find no rooms to rent in the cities.

In a letter to Abba Eban, Deputy Prime Minister, Mrs. De-Nur pointed to the "powder keg to be found behind the traffic lights of Petah Tikva Road, so wide and glossy in its fresh coat of asphalt, in that part of the Hahlat Yitzhak known as the Arab's Maabara" where allegedly some 12,000 Arab laborers live in tin shacks in the open fields amid thorns and rats – not because they prefer this mode of living but because they cannot find a Jewish landlord who is willing to rent them rooms for the good money they are prepared to spend.

When she began investigating the question of living quarters, the man in charge of the Arabic department in the Histadrut, Israel's labor organization, took her to the Hilton hotel, then under construction. As a result of their discussions, the contractor permitted the laborers to sleep there while the building was being constructed. One rainy night, Mrs. De-Nur and her friends took food to the laborers and inevitably the talk returned to the abuses of the military governments in the Arab villages. Later, some of the men called on her for personal assistance and a week following that, a group of 40 appeared at an open house to investigate this phenomenon of friendship.

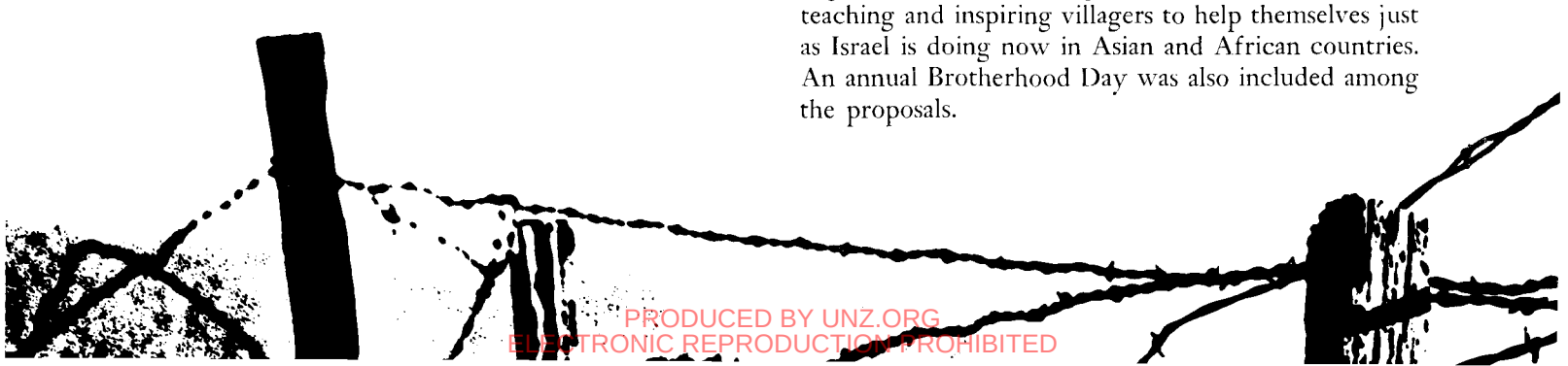
Meanwhile, Mrs. De-Nur met with Father Paul Gauthier, former professor of theology in Lyon, France, who had come to Israel seven years previously to make three films and who had stayed on in Nazareth to help the homeless Arab villagers in the rubble-filled town wracked with postwar tension. He had encouraged the Arabs to accept the concept of a co-operative society, along the lines of the cooperatives in Israel. He established contact between the Ministry of Labor and the Arabs for a cooperative housing project to be financed three-fifths by the government and the Histadrut, and two-fifths by the Arab applicants. In that way, four such cooperatives had helped the Arabs of Nazareth to build homes and learn new crafts.

Père Gauthier at first told Mrs. De-Nur he thought his mission had been accomplished in Israel and that he was planning to move on to Jordan to help the refugees there. When he heard about the Tel Aviv problem, he decided to prolong his stay in Israel in order to help. As a result of their meeting, he wrote to Ebban: "... these problems ... are of capital importance not only for the future of the people of our region but for humanity at large, since in this country we find ourselves at one of the crucial junctions where Occident meets Orient in a world Jewish, Christian and Moslem.... Before I leave, at the end of September for our Ecumenic Council where a group of Bishops will have convened by our request to solve the problems concerning the poor and the laborers of the world, I would be happy to meet you with Madam Nina.... That which we shall be able to undertake here under your patronage will not leave the Bishops indifferent, nor will the attitude of the Ecumenic Council regarding the problem of Israel remain the same."

Since that time, the government has announced plans to build hostels throughout the country for Arab laborers, perhaps in response to just such pressure.

In addition to a proposal for hostels, Mrs. De-Nur's letter to Ebban also outlined ideas for the establishment of a committee of jurists, clergymen of all faiths, sociologists, psychologists, Orientalists and educators to deal with sporadic flare-ups in Arab villages, a meeting for editors of all newspapers to initiate weekly columns dealing with Arab affairs, preferably edited by Arabs, and a drive to educate the Jewish community to cease treating and regarding their fellow Arabs as hostages.

She also proposed introduction of a course in Arab schools on Jewish history and culture and in Hebrew schools, courses on Arab traditions, culture and history, "adoption" of Arab villages by crews of volunteer experts including an agronomist, psychologist, engineer, educator and public health man, aimed at teaching and inspiring villagers to help themselves just as Israel is doing now in Asian and African countries. An annual Brotherhood Day was also included among the proposals.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And when a "Brotherhood" night took place in Taibeh, for the first time in an Arab home, on that night after Christmas, it was an occasion to give even skeptics hope. The host, who had been quite reserved and reluctant to offer his home for the occasion, warmed to the spirit of the evening, even dancing the Israeli "hora" with Nina and his wife. As the group departed, he said with tears in his eyes, "tonight I have finally come to really believe there may be peace. I've come back to faith tonight. With God's help, peace will be possible."

"God is important," replied Nina with a Western woman's prerogative of the last word, "but we must also work toward peace ourselves."

And it is in the role of fighter for peace that Abdal Aziz Zuabi also sees himself.

"We have to demolish these walls of nonunderstanding and suspicion in order to bring both peoples to live together, to learn together and to learn how to live together. If this is done, the Arabs of Israel can become a real, living bridge between the Jews in Israel and the Arab peoples outside. This might be one of the keys to peace throughout the world, not only in the Middle East. I don't believe in this period of time that small wars are possible – especially after Cyprus and especially after the fears we have as Arabs and Jews in the Middle East from the nonconventional arms race helped by the major powers in this world that might threaten not only our safety but all the world's safety."

Zuabi, editor of the left-wing Mapam weekly *Al Mirsad* and editorial board member on *New Outlook*, an English language monthly devoted to Arab-Jewish understanding, is a member of one of the largest and oldest Moslem families in Nazareth and has served in the elective post of deputy mayor for the last five years. Many members of his family played a prominent role in the Arab community during the Turkish and British administrations, as they do today in Israel. His cousin, a member of the dominant Mapai party, is Nazareth's mayor. And he is proud of his family's liberal tradition, including the fact that his sister was the first Moslem girl in Nazareth to stop wearing a veil.

Before the war years, he had made one Jewish friend, a girl student he met on the bus. They started discussing the question of whether Shakespeare's Shylock was an anti-Semitic portrait "and we found a common language through Shakespeare." But during the war, an Arab who had Jewish friends was considered a traitor and Zuabi gave very little thought to the subject of Jews. In 1944, he read his first pamphlet – on Auschwitz, and it changed his life.

"I started to think about the problems of people who lived with you. That pamphlet created in me a feeling of the human approach to the Arab-Jewish question and not only the emotional Arab approach. Well, I was a kid and I couldn't do anything about it, but I talked with some friends. They were astonished at first, but some felt maybe it *was* our destiny to live with each other on an equal basis."

The United Nations partition plan was the only solution for the problem of Palestine, he felt, but when the war of independence erupted, Zuabi felt torn.

"I went through hell during that time," he said. "I felt that it was an aggressive war on the part of the Arab leaders against the independence of Israel as a state. I was against that war, but I didn't want the Arabs to lose and I didn't want the Jews to lose their rights that I believed in. But although many Arabs left, no one in my immediate family did. We believed at the time, and we were right, that the more Arabs who stayed, the more the Jews would respect our rights."

"The problem," Zuabi said, "is to bring Zionism and the Arab national liberation movements on one front to work together without conflicts, to be loyal to their own needs on one hand and to recognize the needs and rights of other people on the other hand. If the progressive face of Zionism should conflict with the progressive part of the Arab liberation movement, it would be for me a bad problem, but I don't believe there *is* a conflict. Tens of thousands of Arab students outside their own countries might be in contact with us if only we knew how to appeal to them. So far I have only met a few through international meetings and they have found me a loyal Israeli Arab."

To provide an opportunity for young Arabs and Jews to live together – without which no real understanding can ever be developed – was considered of major importance to the founders of the Givat Haviva school. Enrolled in the first class were 26 Arabs, selected from 70 who took the examinations, including three girls – for whom the experience of living under the same roof with even unmarried Moslems was unprecedented – and 20 Jews, mainly *kibbutz* members. All the youths will get scholarships to enable them to complete the two-year courses. So eager were they to get started that classes began even before the two classroom buildings, constructed through a $50,000 gift from a friendly British Jew, were completed in March.

Within a few short months of their association, both Jewish and Arab students learned a great deal they had not known before. When they first came to the school, some students believed that the best way to fight for Arab rights was through an Arab front, but when they found Jewish classmates no less concerned about the Arab question, they were ashamed and changed their views. Before last year's vote took place in the Knesset on the subject of eliminating the military rule over Arab villages (it failed to pass by a vote of 58 to 57, ironically with two Arab Mapai members swinging the vote against it) some Jewish students went to Jewish towns to paint the streets with the Hebrew words: "Abolish military rule." Several boys were hauled in by the police and when they returned to school, boasted of being arrested on the Arab question. Increasingly, Jewish students invite their Arab friends to their home for the weekend and the invitations are reciprocated.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Since there are now only 140 Arabs among the 14,000 students in Israeli universities, and the cream of the Arab leaders, intellectuals, professionals and writers were among the first to flee the country, the new pilot college conceived of as a teachers' training school, has great importance. Most Arabs cannot attend Hebrew colleges and universities for financial and social reasons. The language itself is not a problem for the Arabs since all young Arabs must study Hebrew and English in school. However, Arabic is only mandatory in the schools located in the 73 *kibbutzim* run by Mapam, the left-wing socialists, which represent only one-third of the *kibbutzim* in Israel.

The aim of the Jewish students at Givat Haviva will be to prepare themselves as teachers of Arabic in order to promote understanding of the Arabs among the Jews. For Arab students, intending to work as teachers or community social service or cultural workers, studying at the Center may be the only opportunity for many to find meaningful occupations without full academic training. The course is designed to answer a generally felt need: in Jewish settlements, for furthering the teaching of Arabic and in Arab villages, for community workers with a higher degree of understanding and efficiency. Eventually, the school hopes to become an accredited college.

But no matter how great the need of the school, its founders are not prepared to appeal to everybody. "We don't want German money," Zuabi has told me. "I have a contact with a German millionaire, but I won't go to Germany."

He recalls how he felt when he saw Auschwitz in Poland in 1962, years after he had read the pamphlet that changed his life. "I did not feel I was an Arab. I did not feel I belonged to a race or a faith or a religion. I felt human. I was naked like those who suffered there."

For the horror of the war years to have been followed by more bloodshed was terrible enough, but the omnipresent threat of still more warfare has to be eliminated.

"Ten miserable years of bloodshed, misunderstanding, suspicion and lack of objective knowledge about each other among Jews and Arabs have caused a deep wound in the body of Israel which should be cured deeply and not by a plaster," he said.

"We have to remove discrimination against the Arabs and we *will* remove it with the help of the majority of Jewish public opinion which stands beside us."

Zuabi believes that Nasser today acts as the controller of other Arab adventurers in Syria, Iraq and Egypt who want to wage war now against Israel. "He is the brakes to them *now* and I stress *now*. I don't know about the future. He proved that at the Cairo summit conference on the Israeli water plan when other Arab leaders proposed war and he objected to it *now*."

"This gives me a feeling of relief and anxiety at the same time," Zuabi said. "Anxiety comes from the uniting of the Arab forces and in this case, Israel should do its best to protect its borders. And the relief should be translated into a kind of informal armistice for a period which we can't fix – it may be months and it may be years – during which we Israelis should institute a more practical, peaceful approach to the Palestinian problem."

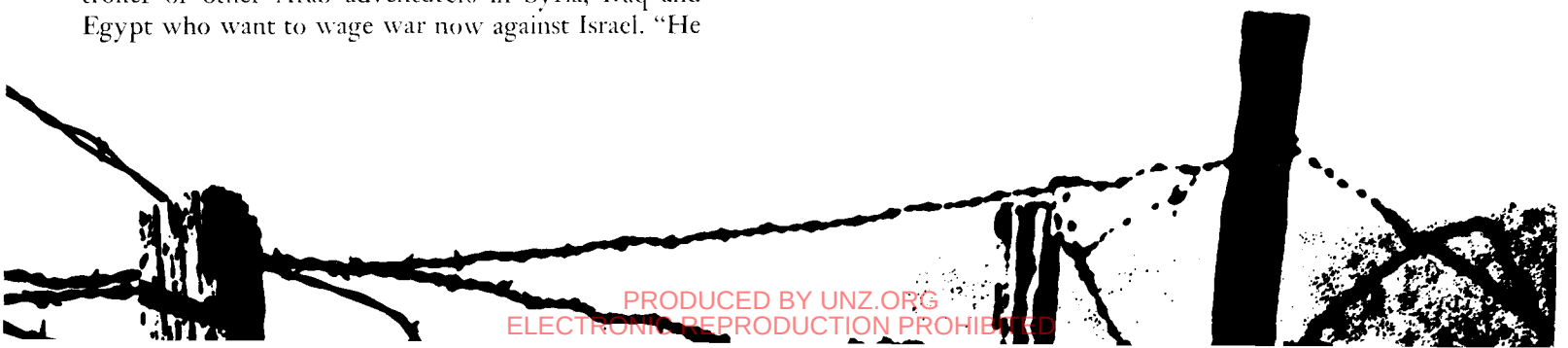
The key, as Zuabi sees it, would be for Israel to announce her willingness to repatriate a certain number of the refugees, agreed upon by both parties, to the *State* of Israel, within the terms of a peace treaty (which after all these years, is still unsigned). Such an announcement from Israel could be a first step toward negotiations, and Israel could start by permitting wider implementation of the refugee reunion plan that already exists.

The new government of Premier Levi Eshkol has already made some concessions on the military rule issue by eliminating passes for all Arabs except known security risks. The government has promised to provide a better budget and a five-year plan for development of Arab villages and to stop the discriminatory land policy under which 100,000 acres of Arab land were confiscated for "security" reasons.

As an Arab Israeli, Zuabi does not stop at listing Arab grievances in Israel. He points to the achievements made in health services which have eliminated tuberculosis and reduced infant mortality from 12 per 1000 to 6 per 1000 during fifteen years; in education services, where one can find a school in every Arab village; the national insurance law which applies to Jews and Arabs equally and some development of electricity and water in some Arab villages and a higher standard of living now than ten or twenty years ago.

"And still," Zuabi concludes, "there is a gap of understanding between Jews and Arabs which must be bridged if we are to have peace."

JUDY STONE, *formerly associated with* LOOK *magazine, is now the editor of the daily drama, music, and art section of the San Francisco* Chronicle. *She is a frequent sojourner in Israel.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARIS LEARY:

Homage to Louis MacNeice

For all the religions are alien
That allege that life is a fiction,
And when we agree in the denial
The cock crows in the morning.
MacNeice

CHILDREN of the 'thirties, never soldiers,
veterans only of the cold and of casual
police actions in indifferent jungles,
we are too young to seize the Republic
with scars and careers of years in wisdom;
yet too old for insouciant laughter.

MacNeice is dead, whom I truly mourn
with no affectation nor exploit
(like the instant eulogist grown fat on griefs)
as excuse for a poem praising me.
This is the time of the death of poets,
Frost and Cummings, Plath and Roethke – now
MacNeice, whom the books have always called
a 'younger poet.' And such he always will be.
But his friend is an elderly American
and all the young who walked, our infant decade,
down Magpie Lane or dawdled in the Broad
writing social verse or vowing 'not
to fight for King and Country,' all are silent,
silent – old or dead: dead in the dust
of Spitfires, dead of cancer, dead of tumours
or rumours of heart; or live on, tired
Senior Common Room Commie bards.
We honour them in their irrelevance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children of the 'thirties, barricaded
in the Groves of Acadame, the free camp
of free love, alcohol, and books,
we marry and divorce, are queer or normal,
in a fuzzy unexceptionable manner,
harming no one, being rather decent,
all in all, to one another, shielding
ourselves from the tumult Daddy built
but which we have not quite inherited,
with the shock-proof prose of Henry James
or the latest piece of West Coast *bizarrerie*.
MacNeice is dead, and he is truly mourned,
the bravest and gentlest in his poetry
of all one's half-forgotten boyhood crushes.

Up on Mohonk Mountain there is light
in the black tower I see every evening
erect against a peach-and-opal sky.
I have not tried to find out what it is,
for fear it might be for gas or water
and so cheat me of my secret hold
on a half-embarrassed high romantic spirit.
I rather see an antique recluse,
the widow, say, of a former Ambassador
to Afghanistan, surrounded by tusks
and tails from countries no longer on the map,
a passionate lover of cats, possessing
twenty-two Angoras, moving like
the Duchess of Gormenghast in a sea
of fur and hisses; looking down the night
through great black windows, seeing nothing
but the dark unmoving on the mountain;
hating the butler who has grown her twin;
looks out over and beyond New Paltz,
seeing nothing but the dark of the valley;
remonstrating with her husband's ghost,
counting the hours until Sleep, that swart
native girl, smelling of Vicks and sweat,
widows her again in weeds and dreams;
who has no radio, has never seen
television; to whom Dallas is
a city vaguely west of Buffalo . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many of us children of the 'thirties
beguile ourselves with such fancies or deaden
fear and wonder with the Cultural
Activity every easy evening:
the allowed Russian dancers or pianist;
the inescapable production of
Our Town; the new Italian film;
the drive to Vassar to a lady poet? —
all the time growing slightly older,
long on promise, short on promises,
with a well-charted future nobody,
not even the young, believe in and a past
the whole world would like to forget? —
but not quite self-pitying,
but cheerful, reasonably faithful husbands,
affectionate young fathers, resourceful teachers
respectably unchurched. Yet does our dullness
mask something betrayed and violent,
as a Spanish saint's white gossamer
of sanctity reveals the incandescent
sensuality it would cover?

Lord, Lord, this winter night make fire
on the mountain and let one come out
of smoke and flame with tablets to accuse
and free, to renew — and to lead out,
before we are absorbed and die far
from any promise, us who serve in bondage
in the Egypt of our fathers' hopelessness.

MacNeice is dead, and one learns only slowly
that death is hideous and always Christ's.
It is winter-time. Time makes the world,
and the world makes time cry, 'Abba, Father.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church and "Golpe" in Brazil

G. Daniel Griffin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

golpe: a blow, as of a hammer or an axe
golpe do estado: a coup d'etat

SOMEDAY someone may write a sequel to "The Deputy." If so, he well might use Brazil, April 1964, as his setting, for the same issues are shaping up here and the results for the future may be – speaking in terms of political outcome and not those of human consequences – as significant for the future as those of the Vatican's actions during World War II.

Nearly everyone who can read now knows that on April 1, 1964 a group of generals – acting with the support of several state governors – drove the Goulart government out of Brazil. Some of the subsequent actions of the new government have also attracted attention. For example, not just one, but three ex-presidents have been deprived of their political rights for 10 years, as have many other men nearly as famous, such as Celso Furtado and Josué de Castro.

Shoved into political limbo with these world-known men are about 350 others, most of them with no claim to renown; about 5000 union leaders have been jailed throughout the country. Many others were arrested, held for a day or two – or a week or two – for questioning and were released, only to be called in later for more questions on the same points. The number arrested in Rio de Janeiro alone is supposed to have reached 200,000 – a fifth of the population.

In the confusion and excitement, excesses were many and widespread, some of them carried out deliberately and on a grand scale. By now, several months after the revolution, most excesses have ceased, though not all. Arrests, for example, still continue, and many faces once familiar have not been seen since early April. Atrocity stories still come out of the interior.

A friend told me of a labor leader who had, only last year, won a particularly bitter election against the communists. Shortly after the revolution this man was fired as subversive. He is the father of five children, and his family is getting hungry; who will hire a man tagged as a subversive labor leader? Or, for that matter, who in Brazil will hire any union activist?

But more significant in the long run than the personal plight of this man and his wife and their five children is the fact that this particular union local has now lost a leader who was aware of the danger of communist infiltration and who had the courage and the ability to beat the attempted takeover. Today there is no one in that local willing to fight an election as he fought the last one, or able even if willing; there is no one who sees it as a worthwhile endeavor, with the threat of "subversion" hanging over the head of any union man who is too successful. This leaves a leadership vacuum, and this is only one of thousands of locals in the same situation; this is virtually an engraved invitation for communists to supply the leadership of the union movement.

And don't think there aren't any communists still around to do it, despite (or perhaps partly because of) the "cleanup" campaign against them. To take a simple and obvious starting point, in looking at the situation of communism here today, the cleanup did not start with the police. Are we to hope the communists would avoid trying to infiltrate the police? Or that all police are uninfiltratable? Or should we conclude that there is a possibility of such infiltration and calculate the effects: the tipoffs, the coverups, the track-covering and trail-muddying?

The man who told me of the union leader's being fired also mentioned that he knew of factories where the men in charge of deciding who was subversive and who was safe are communists. This is no scare-talking McCarthy who told me this, but a man who has himself been accused at times of communism because of his work in the labor movement here, an active member of the Young Catholic Workers who has been an international officer of that movement.

IN THE FACE of this witch-hunt and purge, this wholesale disregard for the constitution and the rights of the accused, the suicidal foolishness of stripping the middle and working classes of their chosen leaders, this jack-booted callousness in trampling on the votes of the nation and jailing elected governors and mayors and aldermen, exiling congressmen and ex-presidents and economists – in the face of this situation, what has the Church done?

Item:

Eighteen bishops of the Northeast issued a statement declaring that the Church is not tied to political régimes and that the rights of all citizens must be respected. The statement recalled a similar statement of a year ago and again urged that basic reforms be made in the socio-economic structures in order to allow all Brazilians to share in the life and wealth of the country.

Item:

The bishop of Petrópolis (state of Rio de Janeiro), among other bishops, proclaimed a grand "March of the Family with God for Democracy," in "thanks to God and the army for the revolution that saved the country from communism." In places where bishops failed to proclaim such marches the civil authorities installed by the revolution proclaimed them. Generally the Church supported or participated in them, although at least one bishop refused to permit priests of his diocese to participate and pointed out that the new government had not yet proved itself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Item:
The priest-editor of a Catholic daily newspaper in Riberao Preto (state of Sao Paulo) was forced to flee the state the day of the revolution, because landowners were supposedly out to kill him. (The paper had been closed shortly before the revolution by the bishop, as "too progressive.") Later the priest returned because friends of his were being jailed on suspicion, simply because they were known friends of his; immediately on his return he was taken prisoner. One thousand people marched to the bishop's palace and asked him to take action to have the priest freed. The bishop has done nothing, the priest is still a prisoner. This bishop, too, proclaimed a "March of the Family with God for Democracy."

Item:
The salvation of the nation from communism by the army has been a sermon topic in parishes in the south for the last several months. Newspapers in the northeast are printing photostats of documents linking political prisoners to the communist party; the documents are nearly all dated 1946, long before the party was outlawed in Brazil.

Item:
Three well-known Brazilian bishops representing the CNBB (National Conference of Bishops of Brazil) flew to Brasília to confer with revolutionary president Marshal Castelo Branco, as they had previously conferred with constitutional presidents Quadros and Goulart. They sought assurances from the president that programs considered vital to the pastoral would be permitted to continue. They did not speak of the excesses of arrests and imprisonments, of the violence being done to the constitution, of the secret trials or drumhead verdicts – they did not want to antagonize a man from whom they wanted something. The president agreed to their proposals and promised to publish the results of their interview. So far all he has published is a picture of himself with the three prelates, all of whom are known as relatively progressive – lending the support of their prestige to his position and actions.

Item:
Speaking at the Guararapes airport on his arrival in Recife to take charge of his new diocese, Dom Helder Câmara said that "the revolution was victorious; communism was banished." He went on to say "let us now act with justice and carry out the reforms." This line was not quite so widely quoted as the one just before it; those who know the archbishop say that he was speaking as a conscience to the leaders of the revolution, reminding them of their obligation to the poor of Brazil. Without the second line it sounds as if he had been speaking in praise of the revolution.

Item:
At a meeting in Rio on June 1, the leading prelates of the nation called (vainly) upon the leaders of the revolution to give all political prisoners "the sacred right of defense." The answer: "Impossible." Nothing more has come of the matter and the bishops have said nothing more on the subject.

SPEAKING to the bishops and the clergy, asking them what, if anything, they intend to do about the secret trials that have stripped 350 of their fellow citizens of their political rights for 10 years, about the star-chamber and bayonet-point decisions that have taken more than 200 elected representatives of the people from their offices, about the bulging jails and about the families feeling the financial pinch and the personal strain of the bread-winner's being in jail, one gets the answer that they are trying to moderate the situation, to educate the leaders of the new government, to work within the framework of the new situation. They add that one must remember that the Church cannot identify itself with a government, that it must be able to work with all governments; that the price of antagonizing the new régime might well be the loss of programs considered vital to the pastoral here: radio schools, Catholic Action, Christian labor unions, etc.; and that one must remember what a vote means in Brazil and how and by whom they are cast. "You cannot consider a vote cast in Brazil as being as sacred as an American vote; votes are bought and sold here, cast by people with no education or formation, cast for all the wrong reasons after campaigns which appeal to the wrong groups on the wrong bases. These are not American or English or French votes, they are Brazilian votes, and in many cases they should be canceled."

The hierarchy is only a little more concerned, it seems, with the imprisonments and exiles of leaders: political leaders, labor leaders, educational and administrative leaders – a significant portion of the educated elite of the country. This aspect of Brazil's revolution, the witch-hunt that is driving much of the leadership element out of public life, is probably the movement's single most dangerous characteristic.

The conservatives, naturally, raised a jubilee after the revolution, dancing on what they saw as the grave of communism. The liberal bishops asked the right of defense for the accused. This being denied, they shut up. As far as I've been able to gather, only one member of the clergy in the whole country was arrested – the priest I mentioned before, who had had to flee and then chose to return. The Church's solidarity with the politicians and labor leaders who are her children was almost nil.

The bishops call on the landowners to act justly with their tenant-farmers . . . while stories of reprisals and tortures filter out, one by one, from the interior.

The bishops plead for meaningful reforms by the new government . . . while the new government accepts enormous sums of money from some of the most entrenched robber-barons in the hemisphere and while the president decrees a raise in the price of milk because "if the price stayed stable there wouldn't be enough milk to meet the demand."

The bishops beg the right to continue their pastoral programs . . . while some of their sheep are jailed and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

others exiled, and the votes and dreams and hopes of all of their sheep are cancelled.

The bishops ask that the government help all Brazilians to share in the national life . . . while Juscelino Kubitschek, builder of Brasília and widely respected, choice of 75% of the Brazilian people as the next president, is exiled from political life for 10 years on the dubious charge of having bought rotten beans from the United States.

THE CHURCH is Christ on earth, charged with His mission of bringing salvation to mankind. The statements and attitudes of the bishops here since April 1 are more like those of a banker than of a Saviour; they figure the percentages, the probabilities, the effect on the program, while ignoring the human facts involved.

Granted that Christ began a program and an organization, yet He was a witness, too: A witness to everything He said and to all He left for us to do. And if He had stopped to calculate what would become of His program and His organization after His death He might have decided that He couldn't afford to be crucified; it would be too risky. After all, looking at the greater good . . .

But He knew He had the secret that conquers death, that defeats defeat. He said that nothing could extinguish His program, His organization. And nothing has – yet. And we should worry about whether the Church could last in Brazil without radio schools or rural unions or Catholic Action?

For nearly three centuries the American Church sat silent in the face of slavery; the United States is paying the price of that silence now.

During World War II the German bishops blessed the Wehrmacht as it marched off, and continued ministering to the spiritual needs of their flock, administering sacraments, carrying out the pastoral. We know, if we cannot calculate, the price of this attitude.

These lessons seem to have taught the hierarchy nothing. They still, and this is true not only in Brazil but throughout the world, tend to see their task in terms of keeping the program and the organization going, running the machinery of the Church.

While the Catholic world rails at Hochhuth and argues that his play is historically inaccurate and that his portrayal of Pius' motivation is unjust and uncharitable, it defeats itself in detail. Hochhuth is a prophet as surely as Daniel, bringing a message of God to His people; and we ignore his message as we ignored Daniel's. We ignore the horror of the truth – that the Church failed Christ in that moment, and failed the world in that moment, and the motivation for that failure or for any single person's part in it, even a Pope's, is even less important than what color socks a bishop or a pope should wear.

The point – of existence and of responsibility – the point of America 1650–1950, and of Germany 1939, and of Brazil 25 years later, the point of not just representing, but *being* Christ on earth, has been missed many times throughout the history of the Church. One of these times is here in Brazil, now in 1964.

And as before, as a quarter of a century ago, as always, humanity will pay for it, will pay for the fact that the Church did not show the way, for the fact that the Body of Christ on earth stood mute.

G. DANIEL GRIFFIN, *a 1959 graduate of Marquette University, worked as a writer of training literature for the Army Intelligence School and as a staff-writer of the* Baltimore Catholic Review *before going to Brazil in 1963 as a Papal Volunteer.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sisyphus Complex

The goal is to protect or restore the patient's health, but is it not a Sisyphus act if we cure him physically and destroy him economically? Is it a triumph when the appendix is removed and bitterness is imbued?

by Abraham Heschel

RABBI ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL, *Associate Professor of Jewish Mysticism and Ethics at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, is the author of many books, including* The Earth Is The Lord's *and* Man Is Not Alone. *This is the text of a speech delivered before the 1964 convention of the American Medical Association.*

WHAT IS HUMAN about a human being?

Biologically man is properly classified as a type of mammal, and defined as an animal with a distinguishing attribute. And yet, such definitions prove to be meaningless when you stand with man face to face.

It is reported that after Plato had defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the Academy . . .

The zoomorphic conception of man enables us to assign his place in the physical universe, yet it fails to account for the infinite dissimilarity between man and the highest animal below him. The gulf between the human and the non-human can only be grasped in human terms. The very question we ask: *What is human about a human being?* is not an animal problem but a human problem. What we seek to ascertain is not the animality but the humanity of man. The common definitions, for all the truths they contain are both an over-simplification and an evasion.

Human being is being *sui generis*. The only adequate way to grasp its meaning is to think of man in human terms. Human is more than a concept of fact; it is a category of value, of the highest of all values available to us.

What is the worth of an individual man? According to a rabbinic dictum, "he who saves one man is regarded as if he saved all men; he who destroys one man is regarded as if he destroyed all men." What would a Life Insurance Company charge for the insurance of the entire human race? Now it is just as staggering to ponder the worth of one human being . . .

In terms of statistics the individual man is an exceedingly insignificant specimen compared with the totality of the human species. So why should the life and dignity of an individual man be regarded as infinitely precious? Because human being is not just being-around, being-here-too, a being to be assessed and classified in terms of quantity. Human being is a disclosure of the divine. The grandeur of human being is revealed in the power of being human.

What is the meaning of human being? In dealing with a particular man I do not come upon a generality but upon an individuality, upon uniqueness, upon a person. I see a face, not only a body, a special situation, not a typical case.

Most conspicuous is the variety and inner richness of the human species. Not only do individuals differ widely; the individual himself is not always the same. Look at a dog. Once a dog always a dog. Yet man may be a sinner today and a saint tomorrow. Perhaps the most amazing aspect about man is what is latent in him.

For one thing man certainly seems to own a boundless, unpredictable capacity for the development of an inner universe. There is more potentiality in his soul than in any other being known to us. Look at the infant and try to imagine the multitude of events it is going to engender. One child called Johann Sebastian Bach was charged with power enough to hold generations of men in his spell. But is there any potentiality to acclaim or any surprise to expect in a calf or a colt? Indeed, the essence of human being is not in what he is, but in what he is able to be.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What constitutes being human, personhood? The ability to be concerned for other human beings. Animals are concerned for their own instinctive needs; the degree of our being human stands in direct proportion to the degree in which we care for others. The word *cure* comes from the word *care*.

The truth of being human is gratitude, the secret of existence is appreciation, its significance is revealed in reciprocity. Mankind will not die for lack of information; it may perish for lack of appreciation.

Being human presupposes the paradox of freedom, the capacity to create events, to transcend the self. Being human is a surprise, a flash of light, a moment in time rather than a thing in space. It has no meaning, no genuine reality, or validity within the context of the categories of space. It cannot be validated or kept alive within scientific empiricism.

THE ULTIMATE SIGNIFICANCE of human being as well as the ultimate meaning of being human may be wishful thinking, a ridiculous conceit in the midst of a world apparently devoid of ultimate meaning, a supreme absurdity.

It is part of the cure to trust in Him who cures.

Supreme meaning is inconceivable without meaning derived from supreme being. Humanity without divinity is a torso. This is reflected in the process of healing.

Without a sense of significant being, a sense of wonder and mystery, a sense of reverence for the sanctity of being alive, the doctor's efforts and prescriptions may prove futile.

I am born a human being; what I have to acquire is being human.

The tragedy is that our way of thinking and living leads to a gradual liquidation of the riches of the inner man. We are losing any understanding of the meaning of being human.

The contemporary man is bored, bitter, blasphemously disgruntled. His scientific goal is to quantify the soul. The human as a category is becoming meaningless, a linguistic aberration.

To be human we must know what humanity means, how to acquire, how to preserve it. Being human is both a fact and a demand, a condition and an expectation. Our being human is always on trial, full of risk, precarious; man is in danger of forfeiting his humanity.

One of the most frightening prospects we must face is that this earth may be populated by a race of beings which, though belonging to the race of *homo sapiens* according to biology, will be devoid of the qualities by which man is spiritually distinguished from the rest of organic creatures. Just as death is the liquidation of human being, dehumanization is the liquidation of being human.

America's problem number one is not the use of insecticide but the promotion of spiritual homicide, the systematic liquidation of man as a person. Decay sets in inconspicuously, not dramatically. Is it not possible that we are entering a stage in history out of which we may emerge as morons, as an affluent society of spiritual idiots? Doctors will disappear, veterinarians may take over the practice of medicine.

A baby was born in the hospital, and the father's first chance to see his first-born child was after it was brought home and placed in the crib. His friends saw how he leaned over the crib and an expression of extreme bewilderment was in his face. "Why do you look so bewildered?" "Impossible," he answered, "how can they make such a fine crib for $29.50?"

We cannot speak about the patient as a person unless we also probe the meaning of the doctor as a person. You can only sense a person if you are a person. Being a person depends upon being alive to the wonder and mystery that surround us, upon the realization that there is no ordinary man. Every man is an extraordinary man.

Technology is growing apace. Soon the doctor may be obsolete. The data about the patient would be collected by camera and dictaphone, arranged by typists, processed into a computer. Diagnosis and treatment would be established by a machine, and who then would need doctors?

The mother of medicine is not human curiosity but human compassion, and it is not good for medicine to be an orphan. Physics may be studied as a pure science, medicine must never be practiced for its own sake.

In contrast to times gone by, the doctor's role has broadened from healing the sick to serving all men, ill and well. However, I will limit myself to the role of the physician as a healer, a supreme test of his role in the life of society.

What manner of man is the doctor? Life abounds in works of achievement, in areas of excellence and beauty, but the physician is a person who has chosen to go to the areas of distress, to pay attention to sickness and affliction, to injury and anguish.

Medicine is more than a profession. Medicine has a soul, and its calling involves not only the application of knowledge and the exercise of skill but also facing a human situation. It is not an occupation for those to whom career is more precious than humanity or for those who value comfort and serenity above service to others. The doctor's mission is prophetic.

Sickness, like sin, indicates frailty, deficiency, scantity in the make-up of man.

Humanity is an unfinished process, and so is religion. The law, the teaching, and the wisdom are here, yet without the outburst of prophetic men coming upon us again and again, religion may become fossilized. Nature has marvelous recuperative power, yet without the aid of the art of medicine the human species might degenerate.

There is a prophetic ingredient in the calling of the doctor. His vocation is to prevent illness, to cure disease, to lessen pain, to avert death. The doctor is a prophet, a watchman, a messenger, assayer, and tester.

The weight of a doctor's burden is heavy and often grave. In other professions mistakes, inadvertency,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blunders may be pardonable, even remedial; the doctor, however, is often like an acrobat, a ropewalker; precision, meticulousness are imperative; one mistake and the patient may be dead.

While medical science is advancing, the doctor-patient relationship seems to be deteriorating. In fairness to physicians, the relationship has changed because medicine has changed. The doctor of old may have had little more to offer the patient than understanding, sympathy, personal affection.

The great advances in medicine have made it necessary for men to specialize if they wish to remain abreast of any particular field of medicine, and this specialization has forced a change in the image of the practitioner. Yet there is no necessary clash between specialization and compassion, between the use of instruments and personal sensitivity.

The failure is due to the loss of awareness of what it means to be a person, of what it means to be human and to the distortion of the concept and image of being a doctor.

WHAT MANY OF US FEAR is a collapse of the old and traditional esteem for the character of the doctor, an increasing alienation between the healer and the sick. The doctor is alleged to act like an executive, and the patient is only a consumer. Generalizations are unfair. Such an image may apply to a minority of men in this great profession. Yet attitudes of some may reveal a condition of concern to many.

The crises in the doctor-patient relationship is part of the ominous, unhealthy, livid condition of human relations in our entire society, a spiritual malaria, a disease of which high-powered commercialism and intellectual vulgarity are only premonitory symptoms. Let me offer an example of intellectual vulgarity.

What do I see when I see a man? According to the philosophy of a dog, to quote Bradley, what smells is; what does not smell is not real and does not exist. According to the philosophy of logical positivism, what is verifiable is meaningful; what is not verifiable is meaningless. The term "person" is a misnomer, unverifiable, indefinable, vague, mystical, and therefore both meaningless and worthless. Since we must think in terms which are both clear and exact, man must be regarded as a collection of tubes and cells, of pipes and wires. This is a scientific fact, accessible to our instruments.

Strictly speaking, what is a patient? A human machine in need of repair; all else is accidental. Or, as has been suggested, man could best be defined as an ingenious assembly of portable plumbing.

As a patient, what do I see when I see a doctor? Since I am essentially a machine, I see the doctor as a plumber, whose task is to repair a tube in my system. What does the doctor encounter when he examines a patient? He see a case, a urinary case, an intestinal case, but not a person. This, then, would be philosophy. The world is a factory, man is a gadget, and the doctor is a plumber, all else is irrelevant.

Now, while such a philosophy of medicine may seem plausible, it is being refuted by the grandeur and agony of man. And no one sees so much agony as doctors.

To accept such a philosophy would be to perpetrate euthanasia on the spirit of medicine itself. The mechanics of medicine must not be mistaken for the very essence of medicine which is an art, not only a science.

The human organism can accept an artificial leg or a transplanted kidney. But will a patient retain his identity if his brain is removed and a mechanized brain is put in instead? Will medicine retain its identity if reduced to engineering?

The doctor-patient relationship comes to pass in the dimension of personhood as it does in the dimensions of time and space. There is no escape.

It is not true that diagnosis or treatment of a patient come about in a way completely unaffected by religious and philosophical commitments. The doctor's commitments are as much a part of it as scientific knowledge and skill. His attitudes are either sensitive or cruel, human or inhuman; there is no middle course. Indifference is callousness.

The doctor is not simply a dispenser of drugs, a computer that speaks. In treating a patient he is morally involved. What transpires between them is more than a commercial transaction, more than a professional relationship between a specimen of the human species and a member of the A.M.A.; it is a profoundly human association, involving concern, trust, responsibility. The doctor is commander-in-chief in the battle for survival.

Disease has been defined by Spencer as a state which prevents an organism from relating itself to the conditions of its environment. A doctor who lacks the ability to relate himself to a patient must be regarded as being in a condition of disease.

The doctor enters a covenant with the patient, he penetrates his life, affecting his mode of living, often deciding his fate. The doctor's role is one of royal authority, while the patient's mood is one of anxiety and helplessness. The patient is literally a sufferer, while the doctor is the incarnation of his hope. The patient must not be defined as a client who contracts a physician for service; he is a human being entrusted to the care of a physician.

The physician is the trustee holding the patient's health in trust. In return, the patient's earnest is reliance, commitment. In other relationships trust may be replaceable by shrewdness or caution, in the doctor-patient relationship trust is the essence; distrust may spell disaster.

THE WORK OF A TEACHER is being judged by a host of students. The books of a scholar are critically examined by reviews published in magazines. Yet the work of the practicing physician is never subject to public evaluation. The patient's reliance upon his doctor is often due to blind faith.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In our democratic society where every individual insists upon being independent, and authoritarianism is abhorrent, the doctor is the only person whose authority is accepted and even cherished and on whose judgment we depend. The doctor is not alone in his effort to conquer disease. The patient is a partner, not a bystander.

Disease is an assault, and healing is war. The doctor as an autocrat would be like a general without an army. The patient is both battlefield and soldier. Chemistry supplies the weapons, but who will decide whether the enemy is defeated by strategy or valor?

The patient is a person. A person is not a combination of body and soul as one.

Health is profoundly related to one's way of thinking, to one's sense of values, and physical well-being, the chemistry of the body is not independent of the condition of the inner man. The survival of the patient does not depend of the pharmacist alone.

The doctor must find out the pressure of the blood and the composition of the urine, but the process of recovery also depends on the pressure of the soul and the composition of the mind. Diet, physical exercise are important, but so are the capacity to praise, the power to revere, self-discipline and the taste of self-transcendence, qualities of being human.

Sickness, while primarily a problem of pathology, is a crisis of the total person, not only a physical disorder. There is a spiritual dimension to sickness. At a moment in which one's very living is called into question, the secretions of character, commitments of the heart, the modes of answering the ultimate question, of what it means to be alive, are of supreme importance.

How to be sick gracefully? The process of healing is war, and the first casualty when war comes is moral pretentiousness. Peevishness, resentfulness, suspicion are not restrained by constipation. How to grow spiritually in distress?

Sickness ought to make us humble. In a world where recklessness and presumption are the style of living, and callousness dominating relationships between man and man, sickness is a reminder of our own neediness and extremity, an opportunity for the cynic to come upon the greatness of compassion.

Life is mystery, the reflection of God's presence in His self-imposed absence. Jacob on his sickbed bowed his head (Genesis 47:31) in acknowledging the invisible presentness of the Lord. God's presence is at the patient's bed. His chief commandment is "Choose life" (Deuteronomy 30:19). The doctor is God's partner in the struggle between life and death. *Religion is medicine in the form of a prayer; medicine is prayer in the form of a deed.* From the perspective of the love of God, the work of medicine and the work of religion are one. The body is a sanctuary, the doctor is a priest.

Medicine is a sacred art. Its work is holy. Yet the holy disappears when reverence is disused. Reverence for the doctor is a prerequisite for the sanity of all men. Yet we only revere a human being who knows to revere other human beings.

It is a grievous mistake to keep a wall of separation between medicine and religion. There is a division of labor but a unity of spirit. The act of healing is the highest form of *imitatio Dei.* To minister to the sick is to minister to God. Religion is not the assistant of medicine but the secret of one's passion for medicine.

No honor is adequate and no reward is too high for those who have chosen to live in the areas of distress, at the sickbeds, in the clinics. Not all rewards are benign. Some are like narcotics, poisonous, habit-forming.

In our acquisitive society the ambition to get rich is generally regarded as a most respectable trait. I am not going to make a judgment on that. However, there are some callings where such an ambition is a dangerous impediment. Among these I would include ministers, teachers, lawyers and physicians.

Acquisitiveness is an insidious disease; among its effects are hardening of the arteries of love and understanding, perversion of one's sense of values. It poisons every vocation in our society including those in which sensitivity to suffering humanity or dedication to the exercise of law and justice should be paramount.

The mortal danger faced by all of us is to succumb to the common virus of commercialism—the temptation to make a lot of money.

The motivation to dedicate one's life to the great calling of medicine has its source in the depth of the person. Yet a great calling, whether teaching, healing, or writing is a jealous mistress; she requires complete devotion, supreme appreciation. Medicine, teaching, the ministry are not sinecures, nor are patients, students, parishioners, shares to be traded at the stock-exchange.

May I suggest a therapy for the virus of commercialism: *a personal decision to establish a maximum level of income.* Luxuries are expensive, but making money is even more expensive. We pay for it dearly. Making money may cost us values that no money can buy.

The flesh is weak, temptations are strong. But the sign of intelligence is the capacity to delay the satisfaction of desire and above all to exercise preference, to make an option, when the integrity of one's vocation is in danger of being corrupted.

The doctor must realize the supreme nobility of his vocation, to cultivate a taste for the pleasures of the soul. There is no more thrilling adventure than to alleviate pain, no greater pleasure than to restore health. Perhaps no more beautiful life has ever been conceived than a life devoted to healing the sick.

Striving for personal success is a legitimate and wholesome ingredient of the person. The danger begins when personal success becomes a way of thinking, the supreme standard of all values. Success as the object of supreme and exclusive concern is both pernicious and demonic. Such passion knows no limit. According to my own medical theory, more people die of success than of cancer.

The goal is to protect or to restore the patient's health. But is it not a Sisyphus act if we cure him physically and destroy him economically? Is it a triumph when the appendix is removed and bitterness is imbued?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I SPEAK OF THE HELPLESS and the poor languishing in the wards, in the clinics and dispensaries, of private hospitals who refuse to admit a human being in agony, unless cash is offered in advance.

The nightmare of medical bills, the high arrogance and callousness of the technicians, splitting fees, vested interests in promoting pharmaceutical products, suspicion that the physician is suggesting more surgery than absolutely necessary, all converge to malign the medical profession. Man is often sick, and medicine is indispensable for survival. But medicine today is believed to be afflicted with a *Sisyphus complex* and is itself in need of therapy.

Socialized medicine may be a dangerous thing. But what shall we think of socialized sickness, of socialized despair of the aged?

It is both sterile and dangerous to be involved in defensive and obsolete thinking. We must be open to the situation and seek to make available to all men the blessings that the genius of medicine has discovered.

It is not enough to battle socialism. What is needed is fresh creative thinking, openness to the situation.

We must not be enslaved to conceptual clichés, not remain in the rut of outworn ideas, do what other people do, simply justifying our present economic practice.

The minimum requirement of preserving our being human is a sense of embarrassment, an awareness of the incongruity of challange and response, of the magnitude of the task we face and the pitiful inadequacy of our own performance. In the face of the immense misery of the human species, one realizes the shortcomings of our accomplishments.

The sense of embarrassment impedes our conceit and at the same time spurs us on to greater efforts. The marvelous achievements of medicine must not make us blind to the problems that continue to arise as a result of the socio-economic revolution. It is terribly embarrassing to know that some individual doctors seem to think that it is highly improper for a patient to get sick during weekends. (Night calls are as fashionable as horse and buggy.) The patient is haunted with fear, but some doctors are in a hurry, and above all impatient. They have something in common with God; they cannot be easily reached, not even at the golf-course.

A subject that requires most careful, dispassionate study is medical care for the aged. The expense of modern methods of therapy is high and often beyond the financial means of many citizens. The economics of medicine is a field about which I have no competence to speak. Yet it is certainly the obligation of the medical profession to see to it that every patient receives the care he needs.

Economics is part of the situation of the whole person and must not be ignored in facing the patient as a person.

Doctors occupy a privileged position in society and it is their duty to rise above the standards of society and to herald a new ethical vision. The word "doctor" means "teacher." We are in the midst of many revolutions. Above all, man's sense of the meaning of his being must change. This problem must become the doctor's concern.

Many of us, doctors and patients alike, are expecting the A.M.A. to serve as a major moral force in the life of our society. Whatever affects the health of man, the care for the aged, the prevention of illness, the use of nuclear weapons, are within the scope of the A.M.A.

Physical vigor alone does not constitute total health. Nor is longevity the only purpose of living. Quality of living is as important as quantity of living. The achievement of personhood, being human, is as important for health as all the medical inventions put together.

For the doctor to carry out his part, he must be concerned with his own personhood. In addition to his efforts in enhancing his scientific knowledge and skill, his daily concern must be with enhancing his own qualities of living.

You might say that this is a task to be left to religion. Let the minister do it. No. I would not let him do it alone. Maintaining and conserving total health involves quality, and it is the doctor's duty to do it.

I feel humble in the presence of physicians. The least of them has to his credit the merit of soothing pain, of preventing grief and tears. All I can do is to labor in the mineworks where God and man are intermingled and to use the power of ideas to raise the mind, to unfreeze the heart. What I say in words, physicians proclaim in deeds.

To save human life is to do the work of God. There is nothing greater. The glory of God is reflected in the majesty of medicine. It is for this reason that we must strive for this majesty to remain immaculate, without fault, without blemish.

Moral sensitivity is neither inherent as grist in our bones, nor does it float in the air as an idea; it is radiant energy, waves of a divine light. Our moral substance depends upon the process of emission and absorption, upon the witnessing or receiving, upon the outpouring of the goodness done by human beings.

Eclipse of sensitivity is the mark of our age. Callousness expands at the rate of nuclear energy, while moral sensitivity subsides.

The calling and conduct of the doctor is care for others, and the meeting of doctor and patient is an occasion for being human. The doctor is a major source of moral energy affecting the spiritual texture and substance of the entire society.

Character is shaped by experiences of quality, particularly by what we come upon in times of anxiety.

A patient is a person in crisis and anxiety, and few experiences have such a decisive impact upon our ability to understand the meaning of being human as the way in which the doctor relates himself to us at such times.

The doctor is not only a healer of disease, he is also a source of emanation of the spirit of concern and compassion. The doctor may be a saint without knowing it and without pretending to be one.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Martin Turnell

I.

Novelists like François Mauriac, Graham Greene and Jean Cayrol are fond of asserting that they are Catholics who write novels and not Catholic novelists, or are merely novelists who happen to have written books in which some of the characters are Catholics. The distinction is symptomatic of our time. It would have been unthinkable in a Catholic community where a writer was simply a writer who might treat religious or secular subjects. It was only with the fragmentation of Christendom, and the division of the community into a large number of warring factions, that labels and distinctions of this kind became possible. Even today we find it a little difficult to think of Chaucer either as a Catholic poet or as a Catholic who wrote poetry.

One of the reasons why the writers whom I have mentioned are reluctant to describe themselves, or to be described, as Catholic novelists is plain. They are afraid of being mistaken for the authors of works of edification or, worse still, propaganda. They are therefore at pains to stress their solidarity with the secular world and to play down the religious element in their books. They vie with the non-Catholic writer, or the writer who is not a Catholic, in the boldness with which they describe the seamy side of life and dwell with delight on the rawest details of the sexual connexion. This explains in part the violence, the love of extremes, which are characteristic of Catholic imaginative writers from Barbey d'Aurevilly and Huysmans to Mauriac and Greene.

Their attitude seems to me to be mistaken. No one wants a Catholic to spend his time turning out pious stories for the edification of the faithful or to spoil the view with too many fig leaves. Nobody cares if the 'churchy' do get an occasional shock and tell their bishops. There is, however, a considerable difference between the imaginative writer and the scientist or the technician. The writer, if he really is a writer, is bound to put himself into his books and would not be worth reading unless he did so. Now we do expect a man's religion to be the centre of his writing, the unifying principle which places all experience in perspective. This is precisely what we are not given. What is most striking about contemporary Catholic writers is the inferiority of their religious to their artistic experience. The disparity between the two means that religion fails to provide a proper discipline, that the depth of their artistic experience is not balanced by a corresponding depth of religious experience. This leads to overcompensation by violence. Neither Mauriac nor Greene can be said to 'see life steadily and see it whole.' One of the most pronounced features of their work and their view of life is a sense of unbalance. Religion does not produce order: it is the disruptive element. It takes on the colour of the society in which the writer is living and becomes a symptom of the bankruptcy of our much vaunted Christian culture.

Something of the same sort is true of the Catholic critic or, to use the contemporary euphemism, the Catholic who writes criticism. His position is even more precarious than that of the novelist. He is suspected, he comes to suspect himself, of praising those writers who are either Catholics or describe a view of life which is acceptable to a Catholic, and damning the great writer whose views are inimical. This can have the effect of driving him in the opposite direction: he condemns any work which smacks of religion and praises the work of the secularist simply to show that he is unbiased, that he can see the weaknesses of his own side and the virtues of the other. It is clearly an approach which prevents sound judgment.

T. S. Eliot once described the function of criticism as "the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste." The literary critic is first and foremost the expert reader whose job it is to teach other people to read, but it goes much further than that. "Criticism," said Middleton Murry, "is a particular art of literature." The old distinction between criticism and creation is largely outdated. The critic is a teacher of reading certainly, but he is also an artist. His aim like that of any artist is to express himself though he does so through other writers. This brings us to the difference between the true critic and the scholar, the academic or the literary journalist. The genuine critic is the writer-critic or the artist-critic: the man who is concerned not with establishing the texts of his author, producing a piece of academic research or cutting a caper in the Sunday journals, but with expressing himself in the widest and fullest sense of the term.

We can go on to say that the critic should be a man of powerful personality and ripe wisdom. There can be no distinction between the man and the writer, between the person who holds certain beliefs or opinions, who has had certain experiences, and the literary critic. The whole of his personality, the whole of his experience as a man must be behind the individual essay or even the individual judgment.

What I wish to do in this paper is to try to unravel the part played by religion in literary criticism, or rather to consider the part that it ought to play and the different parts that it has in fact played in the work of a number of practitioners.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I HAVE OBSERVED in other places that in ages of settled belief men tend to write well, that in unsettled times they have gone out of their way to discover or to devise some philosophy, system or framework to give unity and coherence to their experience. This applies as forcibly to the critic as to the imaginative writer. It is characteristic of literary criticism that it relies to a greater extent than any other form of writing on the departmental sciences: sociololgy, psychology and philology or, to give it its more fashionable name, stylistics.

This is a modern development. Carloni and Filloux, the French authors of a manual on literary criticism, consign virtually all criticism written before the nineteenth century to what they call the period of "préhistoire." Now it is perfectly true that literary criticism as we understand it is very largely the product of the nineteenth century. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century criticism was a branch of what was known as "rhetoric." The critic behaved in the main like a superior schoolmaster who went through his texts commending "beauties" or, more often, pointing out departures from "the rules" as though he were correcting a pupil's essay. The change – I feel inclined to call it the dramatic change – came with Sainte-Beuve. Sainte-Beuve was well aware that the critic was essentially the good reader whose job it was to teach reading, but he realised that the knowledge needed to teach reading went far beyond what was to be found in the texts, that it must embrace psychology, sociology, philosophy, even theology. This is the significance of his theory of "the literary group." You needed to know not merely the book but the man; not merely the man but his family and associates; not merely his family and associates but his environment and the climate of his age.

In a period like our own, which is a trifle obsessed with defining "the function" or "the business" of criticism, doubts have been cast on Sainte-Beuve's claim to be regarded as a *literary* critic at all. "If he was a critic," said Mr. Eliot in *The Sacred Wood*, "there is no doubt that he was a very good one; but we may conclude that he earned another name." I think that we may also conclude that in challenging Sainte-Beuve's claim the present age is liable to miss the point of his achievement. He saw that mechanical rules and absolute judgments had had their day, that criticism must be creative. It is not an accident that we think of him primarily as a great European writer rather than as a critic, that his name is familiar to people who have never read him and probably have no very strong interest in literature as such. What he did was to secure recognition for criticism as a branch of literature, as an art in its own right. Without him it seems impossible that criticism would enjoy its present status, that we should constantly speak of living in "an age of criticism," or that the "new criticism" would ever have seen the light.

Whatever we may think of the books he actually wrote – it is right to say that *Port-Royal* seems to me to be unquestionably a masterpiece – there can be no doubt that they were seminal for the future development of literary criticism. His work also marked a parting of the ways: the evolution of criticism as an art and its evolution as a science. In the posthumous *Contre Sainte-Beuve* Marcel Proust criticised Sainte-Beuve severely for his frivolity, his taste for gossip and the failure to recognize the genius of his great contemporaries, but Sainte-Beuve possessed one great advantage over some of his progeny. He was not a dogmatist; in the last resort the touchstone was sensibility and not rigidly applied principles. Taine's debt to Sainte-Beuve was great, but though he was insistent in describing his own criticism as a "method" rather than a "system" he will go down to history as the creator of modern critical dogmatism, the inventor of "scientific criticism." His avowed aim was, indeed, to make criticism scientific, to replace the absolute judgments of rhetoric by an infallible scientific test for deciding the merits of a writer. It is possible that at his best he was a more searching critic than Sainte-Beuve, but his criticism constantly illustrates the way in which a naturally lively sensibility and a penetrating intelligence were distorted by a narrow philosophy: the scientific determinism or, as Paul Bourget called it, the "scientism," which dominated the second half of the nineteenth century. His theory of "the race, the moment and the milieu" was a good deal more scientific than Sainte-Beuve's "literary group," but instead of opening up new avenues for exploration it had the reverse effect: it confined the critic to a world which was as narrow in its own way as that of the rhetoricians. Taine was convinced that once you had discovered "the race, the moment and the milieu," you could predict with complete certainty not merely the writer who would emerge, but the sort of books he was bound to write. The attempt to formulate a scientifically valid criterion had one other and far-reaching effect. It led to the view that the value of literature lay less in its intrinsic virtues than in the information it provided about man and society. The close of Taine's essay on Balzac is a classic example: "With Shakespeare and Saint-Simon he has provided us with the largest storehouse of documents on human nature that we possess."

TAINE was the forerunner of both the psychoanalytical and the Marxist critics. It would be very wrong to underestimate Freud's immense contribution to the study of the mind or the outstanding value of his theories for literary criticism. When properly used psychoanalysis encourages a more intense scrutiny of the latent implications of words and images in the attempt to elucidate symbolic patterns which are often revealing. It also has much to tell us about character and motive in the drama and prose fiction. There is a good deal to be learnt, too, from the Marxist analysis of society and the social function of art. It remains true, however, that both systems are based on a deterministic philosophy and that both tend to make art serve some ulterior purpose. The rigid application of psychoanalysis turns the literary work into a case history and Marxist criticism is used to promote "socialist realism," which is surely one of the dreariest theories of art ever to be propounded.

It is instructive to glance at the English scene in the nineteenth century. The differences between English and French critics are remarkable. The first thing that strikes us about the French is their extreme professionalism. In comparison the English seem to be a group of very gentlemanly and very distinguished amateurs who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn out an occasional essay when they feel like it. If French criticism demonstrates the dangers of systems, English criticism shows what happens when one simply cultivates good taste and a liberal outlook. Coleridge felt the need of a point of view and though he did not apply systems dogmatically, his great intellect was submerged at a comparatively early age in the mists of German idealism. Arnold, too, took good care to avoid the extremes of the French, but though he was a fine critic there is about his work a certain floosiness: "high seriousness"; "the best that is known and thought in the world"; poetry as a substitute for religion:

"*More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry.*"

It is less surprising to find religion being superseded by poetry when we remember what a poor thing this religion was. It is defined in *Literature and Dogma* as "morality touched by emotion."

As a corrective to both the Taines and the Arnolds, we can turn to Baudelaire's essay on *The Salon of 1846*. Answering the question: "What good is criticism?" he said:

"*Criticism must be partial, passionate, political, that is to say, written from an exclusive point of view, but from the point of view which opens up the widest horizons.*"

It is a miniature critical credo which has lost none of its point. Criticism must be "partial" in the sense that it expresses an individual approach; it must be "passionate" in the sense that the critic's sympathies must be actively engaged, that we do not want chilly academic exercises or what Baudelaire described, in the same essay, as "the cold, algebraic criticism." It is, however, the final words which contain the essence of the twenty-five-year-old Baudelaire's wisdom: "written from an exclusive point of view, but from the point of view which opens up the widest horizons."

The critic must have a definite point of view, a unifying principle which places all experience in perspective and enables him to see works of literature as a hierarchy. It is this that gives his work its force, that makes it possible for him to communicate himself to the reader and to provide that wisdom which is one of the characteristics of all good criticism. He should make the fullest use of the departmental sciences in constructing his "exclusive point of view." The trouble begins when he tries to turn one of the departmental sciences into a philosophy of life, to treat a part as the whole, to elevate something which is of its nature subordinate into the first place, to substitute a supposedly scientific criterion for that personal responsibility which, as Baudelaire saw so clearly, must be his. That is the source of so many of the critical battles which have been fought during the past hundred years.

3.

"Literary criticism," wrote T. S. Eliot, "should be completed by criticism from a definite ethical and theological standpoint." "The first thing the literary critic has to do," retorts Northrop Frye, "is to read literature, to make an inductive survey of his own field and let his critical principles shape themselves solely out of his knowledge of that field. Critical principles cannot be taken over ready-made from theology, philosophy, politics, science or any combinations of these. Although these statements may seem at first to contradict one another, I think that the contradiction is apparent rather than real. The first thing to be said about the Christian approach is that religion must never be applied dogmatically. Properly used, it can and should provide an "exclusive point of view, but the point of view which opens up the widest horizons." We may distinguish three stages in the critical act: first, the full and unfettered response of the critic to his text; next, the process of analysis and elucidation; finally, the critical judgment. Theological principles cannot be applied "ready-made," but it is evident that they will color all three stages and have their maximum effect in the final one. Mr. Eliot, indeed, chose his words carefully. What he said was that literary criticism must be *completed* by criticism from a definite ethical and theological standpoint. The critic, if he is to be anything more than a *causeur*, must be a moralist, but a moralist who does not allow his moral perceptions to distort his aesthetic perceptions. He must be able to say with Newman:

"*[Milton and Gibbon] are great English authors, each breathing hatred to the Catholic Church in his own way, each a proud and rebellious creature of God, each gifted with incomparable gifts.*"

He must be in a position to declare, if necessary, that a writer has produced a fine work, but that its effect may be (in the words of another priest-critic) "to propel humanity towards the abyss." In short, the justification of religion in criticism is that it shall be a positive instrument of exploration, that it shall provide the critic with insights that he would not have had without it and enable him to distinguish with greater certainty between the values of the different kinds of experience which offer themselves to his scrutiny.

What I wish to do in the remainder of this paper is to examine a number of individual approaches, to give examples of critics whose work is illuminated by religion and of critics whose work seems to me to have been harmed by the dogmatic application of "ready-made" theological principles. I shall interpret the expression "Christian approach" in a wide sense. On one level it may mean the believing, practising Christian; on a lower level it means no more than a Christian background, a knowledge of Christian principles divorced from practice and even belief. We shall see that in some instances the lapsed or wayward Catholic, or even the unbeliever with a Christian background, is in a better position to understand and appreciate the specifically Christian content of much of the literature of France than a critic without this background. This has been put in another way by T. S. Eliot who said that it is easier for the instructed Catholic to grasp the meaning of Dante than the ordinary agnostic "not because the Catholic believes, but because he has been instructed."

My first witness is Sainte-Beuve. Although he became in his later years a thoroughgoing agnostic and once declared that for him literary criticism was incompatible with Christian practice, he undoubtedly pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sessed what he described in his book on *Chateaubriand et son groupe littéraire* as a "Christian imagination." His studies of the great French seventeenth-century masters in *Port-Royal* are constantly illuminated by insights which he owed to his Catholic upbringing and his early fervour. I have chosen, as one of the best examples, his comparison between *Polyeucte* and the *journée du guichet*—the day on which the youthful Abbess of Port-Royal refused her parents entry to the monastery in order to prevent interference with her vocation:

"*Corneille's* Polyeucte *is not in all respects finer than this actual event which occurred during the poet's childhood and the source of its inspiration is no different. It is the same struggle and the same triumph. If we are moved and uplifted by* Polyeucte, *it is because something of the same sort was and remains possible to human nature when assisted by Grace. I will go further than that: if Corneille's genius was capable of producing* Polyeucte *in his time, it was because something still existed in the atmosphere about him (whether he was conscious of it or not) which equalled and reproduced the same miracles.*"

Another impressive example is his judgment on *Le Génie du Christianisme* in the book on Chateaubriand:

"Le Génie du Christianisme *was useful in so far as it helped to restore respect for Christianity considered from a social and political point of view. It was less useful in that from the outset it led the religious revival to embark on a course which was brilliant and superficial, purely literary and picturesque, as far removed as possible from the true regeneration of the heart.*"

In the first passage the critic's religious background—his "Christian imagination"—enables him to discover a positive quality in Corneille and relate it to the contemporary situation. In the second place, the same "Catholic imagination" enables him to expose the shallowness and the shortcomings of the religious revival at the beginning of the nineteenth century, to explain why it went wrong.

My next witness is Baudelaire who was potentially the greatest critic of his age as he was its greatest poet. There have been unseemly wrangles between Catholics and unbelievers about his personal beliefs. He was not a practising Christian, but the whole of his work is colored by religion. The religion that we find in the *Fleurs du mal* is a fragmentary, mutilated religion, a sort of residual Christianity. Religious principles play a far more positive role in his criticism. It is not surprising that a writer with Baudelaire's Manichaean leanings should have been preoccupied with original sin, or that he should have insisted on the inherent sinfulness of human nature in an age which was saturated with Rousseau and which was convinced of the perfectibility of human nature whose weaknesses would soon be eradicated by the march of science:

"*Most of the errors relating to the beautiful are the result of the false conception of morality which prevailed during the eighteenth century. At that time nature was regarded as the basis, source and type of every possible form of the good and the beautiful. The denial of the dogma of original sin played no small part in the general blindness of the age. In any case, if we are content simply to refer to the fact, which is apparent to the experience of every age and to the* Gazette des Tribunaux, *we shall see that nature teaches nothing, or practically nothing, that is to say, it* forces *man to sleep, to drink and to protect himself as best he can against the elements.*"

Baudelaire disliked the eighteenth-century belief in the perfectibility of human nature because it seemed to him to reduce the individual to a state of uniformity, to exclude the sense of mystery and those tensions of which he was so acutely aware in himself. He also disliked the cult of nature because to him nature seemed mindless, mechanical and uncivilized. In other words, the eighteenth-century conception of a man was a simplification which restricted the field of human experience and did more than any other single factor to enclose man in a finite world which was the negation of all that Baudelaire stood for.

WHEN WE LOOK BACK we can see that the passage on original sin anticipated most of the shortcomings of the extreme school of realism which developed in the latter part of the nineteenth century and is still revived from time to time, notably in the "socialist realism" of the Marxists. Baudelaire saw man as a prey to the effects of original sin which were most evident in that terrible "spleen," but in spite of a possible confusion between religious and aesthetic beatitude, he also saw him as a being who was capable of "ecstasy." In another passage he returns, indirectly, to the theme of original sin:

"*It would certainly be an injustice to deny the services rendered by the school known as Romantic. It recalled us to the truth of the image; it destroyed the academic commonplaces and even from the superior point of view of linguistics, it does not deserve the contempt heaped upon it by certain impotent pedants. But by its very nature the Romantic insurrection was condemned to a short life. The puerile utopia of* art for art's sake *by excluding morality and often even passion was a flagrant contradiction of the genius of humanity. In the name of the higher principles which constitute the universal life, we have the right to declare it guilty of heterodoxy.*"

This like the earlier passage is plainly criticism which is founded on firm principles. When we compare Baudelaire's approach with Arnold's, we can see what I have called a "residual Christianity" has far more vigour than the vanishing Christianity of a Protestant modernist with its sentimental tags about poetry "consoling" and "sustaining" us.

Baudelaire is putting forward views which were to receive a still more explicit formulation in the twentieth century. He traces the confusion in the arts to the divorce between literature and morality at the time of the Romantic Movement. The disappearance of "style" in the sense of every period possessing its distinctive style is implicit in the reference to the "Romantic *insurrection*": the short-lived uprising which disrupts one style without being able to create a fresh one to take its place. The statement that the exclusion of morality is a contradiction of "the genius of humanity" points to a Christian conception of the nature of man: "The higher principles which constitute the universal life" appear to be a plea for a unifying philosophy which transcends both the theories of Rousseau and the purely aesthetic theory of "art for art's sake."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The word "heterodoxy" in this context shows a determination to apply Christian principles to the criticism of literature.

I have insisted in these pages that the Christian approach to criticism must be positive. While it must clearly avoid damning the good writer because his views are unacceptable, it must equally assist in deflating the bad writer who has been taken up by religious people because his philosophy is acceptable. An almost perfect example of the way in which religion should not be used, of the dangers of fanaticism and intolerance, is provided by Paul Claudel in his incidental judgments. I can forgive him Voltaire because I do not like that writer any more than he did though I condemn him, or at any rate I hope I condemn him, on different grounds. I find it difficult to forgive his slighting references to Stendhal on account of his anti-clericalism. Stendhal was inclined to parade his unbelief, but a more tolerant critic than Claudel would have perceived that in the *Chartreuse de Parme* there is no mockery in Fabrice's departure to the charterhouse or in the statement that he had much to atone for. Nor is it easy to see in what sense that masterpiece could have been improved by a larger infusion of religion. Zola is dismissed as "that disgusting Zola" because of a realistic description of childbirth which for Claudel was "something beautiful." Once again, a more discerning critic would have sensed Zola's yearning for religion and have noticed the extraordinary way in which all the great Christian dogmas are incorporated into what can only be called a Naturalist Theology. The other side of the account is no better. Coventry Patmore comes out marvellously. Chesterton, too, is wonderful, and thanks to Claudel's good offices and bad judgment made a somewhat incongruous appearance in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*.

4

I WANT TO TURN NOW to a slightly different aspect of the matter which has greatly exercised contemporary critics. It is the relation of religion and culture; the problems of continuity, style, tradition, more particularly the identification of Catholicism and tradition.

The problem is not altogether new. In a lecture on "Christianity and Letters," which he delivered in the School of Philosophy and Letters at the Catholic University of Dublin in November, 1854, Newman had this to say: "Christianity waited till the *orbis terrarum* attained its most perfect form before it appeared; and it soon coalesced, and has ever since co-operated, and often seemed identical with the Civilization which is its companion."

A few years earlier, in that same *Salon of 1846*, Baudelaire had drawn a much less optimistic picture of civilization and its products.

"*Compare the present age with past ages. When you come out of a salon or a newly decorated church, go and rest your eyes in some ancient museum and consider the differences. In one, confusion, a clash of styles and colors, a conflict of tone, appalling trivialities, prosaic gestures and attitudes, a conventional nobility, commonplaces of every kind . . .*

"*In the other, a reverence that makes children snatch off their caps, that catches your spirit as the dust of vaults and tombs catches your throat. It is by no means the effect of the yellow varnish or the grime of ages: it is the effect of unity—a profound unity . . .*

"*Under Louis XV there were still schools; there was one under the Empire. A school means a faith, that is to say, the impossibility of doubt. There were pupils united by common principles, obeying the rules of a strong master and helping him with all his works.*"

Although there is no specific reference to religion, Baudelaire uses the language of religion to contrast the art of the present with that of the past, to describe the dynamic behind the schools of art: "profound unity," "faith," "the impossibility of doubt."

We may assume that in Baudelaire's view the final break came with "the Romantic insurrection." This certainly is the opinion of a contemporary critic writing from an explicitly Christian standpoint. "Romanticism," writes Wladimir Weidlé, "is the death of style." "A style," he goes on, "is not invented and cannot be reproduced; you cannot manufacture it . . ." He regards it like Baudelaire as a product of community life:

"*When community breaks up, style is extinguished and nothing can bring it to life again. It is or is not. So much the worse for those artists and periods which, not possessing it and yet unable to do without it, try to reach it by ineffectual tricks . . .*"

"*The nineteenth century was essentially a century without style and for the same reason a century of stylisation, of desperate attempts to create a style.*"

In still another passage he makes a comparison between old and new which recalls Baudelaire's in the *Salon of 1846:*

"*An old picture, even if boring, empty, smelling of the commonplace, usually justifies itself as a part of the scene, and does not offend the eye and the spirit as do thousands of pictures in our modern exhibitions.*"

T. S. Eliot first attacked the problem in the essay on "Tradition and the Individual Talent." The emphasis falls on a fresh word—a word that was to become almost a battle cry for his generation—"order":

"*. . . the historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order.*"

"This essay," Eliot tells us, "proposes to halt at the frontier of metaphysics or mysticism." In fact, he returned to the subject in *After Strange Gods* and reached conclusions which have much in common with those of Newman and Baudelaire and Weidlé. Tradition, he says in that essay, does not mean standing still. Now if tradition is to be a developing process and not a static thing, there must be a motive force behind it. Eliot is nervous about the identification of classicism with Catholicism and tradition with religion, but his arguments lead in that direction. Tradition becomes associated with "orthodoxy" even though we are told that the connexion is not an inevitable one:

"*Tradition is not solely, or even primarily, the maintenance of certain dogmatic beliefs . . . As we use the term* tradition *to include a good deal more than "traditional religious beliefs," so I am giving the term* orthodoxy *a similar inclusiveness; and though of course I believe that a right tradition for us must be also a Christian tradition, and that orthodoxy in general implies*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christian orthodoxy, I do not propose to lead the present series of lectures to a theological conclusion."

He continues:

"*We are not concerned with the author's* beliefs, *but with orthodoxy of sensibility and with the sense of tradition.*"

We remember that Baudelaire had already proclaimed that the Romantics were to be declared guilty of "heterodoxy" in the name of "the higher principles which constitute the universal life." In spite of Eliot's anxiety to avoid a "theological conclusion," it is difficult not to feel that "orthodoxy" does in fact mean Catholicism and classicism, and the "heresy"—it will be recalled that the essay is sub-titled "A Primer of Modern Heresy"—means Protestant individualism, which in turn means romanticism.

WHAT IS DISTURBING about the essay, however, is not so much the hesitation over accepting the consequences which seem to follow from the premises as the particular judgment which result from the attempts to gauge the orthodoxy of individual writers' sensibility. James Joyce comes out with flying colors.

"The most ethically orthodox of the more eminent writers of my time is Mr. Joyce. I confess that I do not know what to make of a generation which ignores these considerations."

It is scarcely surprising to learn that, for Mr. Eliot's purposes, D. H. Lawrence is "an almost perfect example of a heretic":

"*I have already touched upon the deplorable religious upbringing which gave Lawrence his lust for intellectual independence: like most people who do not know what orthodoxy is, he hated it.*"

Thomas Hardy fares still worse:

"*He seems to me to have written as nearly for the sake of 'self-expression' as a man well can; and the self which he had to express does not strike me as a particularly wholesome or edifying matter for communication.*"

This is George Eliot:

"*George Eliot seems to me of the same tribe as all the serious and eccentric moralists we have had since: we must respect her for being a serious moralist, but deplore her individualistic morals.*"

If you are detached from institutions and go in for individualism, you have little hope not simply of securing a pass, but even of being given a fair hearing. On the other hand, membership of the Society of Jesus and the most unimpeachable religious orthodoxy is no guarantee of a favorable verdict either. Gerard Hopkins is a "fine poet," but has been overrated. He "is not a religious poet in the more important sense in which I have elsewhere maintained Baudelaire to be a religious poet . . . or in the sense in which I consider Mr. Joyce's work to be penetrated with Christian feeling." "He should be compared, not with our contemporaries whose situation is different from his, but with a minor poet nearest contemporary to him, and most like him: George Meredith. The comparison is altogether to Hopkins' advantage . . ."

While we must agree, while three men as different as Newman, Baudelaire and Eliot appear to agree, that there ought to be a connection between religious belief and literary judgment, Eliot's particular judgments illustrate perfectly the dangers of the dogmatic approach to which I drew attention in my opening pages. They reveal, indeed, the alarming extent to which "the Christian approach to criticism" can warp one's judgment. In *The Sacred Wood* Eliot said that "to divert interest from the poet to the poetry is a laudable aim." Yet we find Lawrence criticised for his "deplorable religious upbringing" and George Eliot for her "individualistic morals," as though they had anything to do with the merits of *Middlemarch*. Hardy communicates a personality which is "not particularly wholesome or edifying." Hopkins is inferior to Joyce in "Christian feeling" and compared, slightly apologetically, it is true, to Meredith who seems to me to have been not merely inexpressibly inferior, but as a poet little better than a fraud. Finally, Hopkins is written off as having little "aid" to offer in "the struggle against Liberalism": downgraded, that is to say, because in Mr. Eliot's view he serves no cause and cannot be used for what is plainly an extra-literary purpose.

What one must deprecate is the way in which Mr. Eliot's religion has precisely the reverse effect to the one it should have. For so far from "opening up the widest horizons," it narrows the perspective and reduces visibility to a minimum. This does not mean that the loss of religious belief has not had an adverse effect on literature. The way it has done so is well put by the late Edwin Muir in two remarkable and too little known papers in his *Essays on Literature and Society*. This comes from "The Natural Man and the Political Man":

"*The history of the modern novel describes the disappearance of man as religion and humanism conceived him. Instead, there has emerged a new species of the natural man dovetailed into a biological sequence and a social structure. This natural man is capable of betterment but, unlike the natural man of religion, has no need of regeneration. He is simply a human model capable of indefinite improvement on the natural plane; the improvement depending ultimately on the progress of society, and of things in general.*"

Muir goes on to point out that the conflict which dominated the characters of novelists and dramatists down to the nineteenth century has been eliminated and replaced by the concept of "development." He thinks, as Baudelaire did, that the changed conception of man's nature derives from, or at any rate crystallized in, the work of Rousseau. He shows by an analysis of the writings of Hemingway and other contemporary novelists that the changed view of human nature leads to an impoverishment of literature. The companion study on "The Decline of the Novel," closes with these words:

"*There are certain beliefs which are natural to man, for they satisfy his mind and heart better than any alternative ones. The mark of such beliefs is their completeness; they close the circle. In a state of irremediable imperfection such as man's, the circle can be closed only by calling on something beyond man; by postulating a transcendent reality. So the belief in eternity is natural to man; and all the arts, all the forms of imaginative literature, since they depend on that belief, are equally natural to him. When that belief partially fails, imagination suffers an eclipse, and art becomes a problem instead of a function. If that belief were to fail*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

completely and for good, there would be no imaginative art with a significance beyond its own time. But it is inconceivable that it should fail, for it is native to man."

I HAVE BEEN TRYING, in this column, to answer three questions: Is there such a thing as a Christian criticism? If so, what specific function does it serve? In what way does its function differ from that of traditional criticism? I have suggested that the idea of a Christian criticism, as of a Christian literature, has been thrust upon us by the break-up of Christendom, that it began as a protest against the widespread secularization of culture. I have taken it as axiomatic that religion should be, that it can be, a positive instrument of exploration, the unifying principle which enables the critic to see the manifold experiences offered by writers in perspective. It is his job to educate the public: to show that in some writers literary merit depends directly on the writer's beliefs and that in others the absence of belief or a narrow philosophy leads to the impoverishment of his work, to defects which are literary.

There is, I think, a final question. Can the Christian critic – I mean here the critic who is a believing, practising Christian – do anything to form a Christian literature, or is his work confined to diagnosis? Edwin Muir argued that the very existence of imaginative literature depended on the preservation of religious belief. We can only have a truly Christian literature in a society that is wholly Christian. When society has become largely secularized, we get a fragmentary, mutilated Christian literature such as we find alike in Baudelaire, Mauriac and Greene. The literary critic is not a missionary; the maintenance or recovery of religious belief cannot be his job as such. Nevertheless, it is his religion which gives his criticism its dynamic and its driving force. It should not be beyond the bounds of possibility for Christian critics to influence production, to foster a Christian ethos among writers by criticizing the work of Christian and non-Christian alike in accordance with standards which though literary are illuminated by faith.

MARTIN TURNELL, *an Associate Editor of* RAMPARTS, *lives in London where he works for the BBC.*

Reviews

The Christian Commitment. By Karl Rahner, S.J. Translated by Cecily Hastings. New York: Sheed & Ward. 218 pp. $4.50.

THOSE PROFOUND and controversial "Essays in pastoral theology" represent a radical attempt by the distinguished Innsbruck theologian to face the "new tasks of the Church." At no point does the author engage in superficial or pragmatic diagnosis, nor does he at any time hopefully prescribe quick remedies for all our ills. On the contrary, few Catholic theologians have so squarely faced the critical seriousness of the Church's task in the modern world. From a certain viewpoint Rahner might seem to be a pessimist, for he sees no hope whatever of maintaining the Church's medieval status, and of preserving for her a position of institutional power and preeminence in modern society. Yet Rahner, like Kierkegaard before him, does not regard this preservation of power as a valid Christian hope at all. It must be abandoned in favor of a *true* hope, hope not in "Catholic power" but in the eschatological victory of Christ.

The reader's ability to understand these absorbing and difficult essays will then depend on a certain amount of dialectical agility, on the power to reach out and embrace two opposite extremes at the same time, and on the willingness to risk a frankly existentialist intuition of theological truth, which is sometimes disturbing.

Rahner is a great and provocative theologian who does not believe in always being absolutely "safe" and naturally he has come under some very severe criticism from conservative elements at Rome. He can easily be misinterpreted because he seldom thinks on the lines of the familiar scholastic textbook. But a fair and unprejudiced reading will find invaluable insights in these essays, three of which deal with the Eucharist, one with the Marian apostolate, and three – the most important – with "Redemptive history" seen in the light of our present crisis.

Rahner's thesis is frank and it is one which many will find disconcerting. He is saying that Catholics cannot realistically hope to restore and maintain a kind of religio-cultural autonomy in the secular world today and that if we build our lives and our apostolate on the theory that Medieval Christendom is the norm for Christianity in the world, we are heading for trouble. He says, "It is never possible simply to deduce from Christian principles of belief and morality any one single pattern of the (secular) world as it ought to be" (p. 7). "Even in earlier

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times the particular concrete form given to the Christian ideal was not determined by Christianity as such (though indeed by Christians) but by other historical forces and influences. But it was possible in earlier times to *confuse* the original principles and the practice of them, with a particular ideal at work on the historical level and to regard this synthesis as final and obligatory" (p. 11). Hence we must face the fact that "we do not have a complete recipe for the world's problems in our pockets."

Does this mean that as Christians we take no interest in the problems of the world, and have no concern for them? That there is a complete fissure in our lives between the "sacred" and the "profane"? This is exactly what Rahner is not saying. When he denies that there is, or can be, one "official" and indubitable Christian approach to all economic, political and cultural matters, he wishes to throw open the way to a much more living, more varied and more creative Christian action in the world. He is, in terms of a distinction which he himself makes, denying that all "Christian" action is necessarily "Ecclesial." In other words there is a whole sphere of life where the Christian layman, precisely as Christian and as a responsible member of the Holy People of God, is called upon to take original and creative action in his own sphere. The principles to be followed are made plain on the "Ecclesial" level, but the application should be left to the prudence of the individual Christian.

Thus the political action of the Christian does not become confused with projects centered around an official and clericalist "party line," nor is it inevitably associated with the propagation of a dogmatic message which the rest of the world is not disposed to hear, without challenging it. But on the other hand this Christian action is concretely ordered to advancing the work of Redemption and deepening the penetration of grace into the realm of society and nature. As Rahner says, this Christian action, though not "Ecclesial" is nevertheless supernatural. It is "action of Christian but not action of the Church" (p. 43). This particular field of Christian action belongs to the layman, and is not merely assigned to him as a kind of token or consolation prize. It is his inalienable task as a Christian and if he does not do it, nobody else will. Rahner says:

"The most strictly lay apostolate has its roots in the Church's order of reality but it is not an apostolate of the Church in the strict sense . . . The layman is, as an individual, irreplaceable, with a strictly Christian and moral task to be performed within groups not directly subject to the Church's official control a task of which he will have to give an account before the judgement seat of God" (p. 66).

One may wonder if Rahner is not using the idea of "ecclesiality" as synonymous with "clericalism." If the layman is just as much a member of the Church as the cleric, why is not his action "ecclesial" and "action of the Church"?

It is perhaps more a matter of words than anything else. Rahner uses "ecclesial" as synonymous with "official." But if by "ecclesial" action we mean that Christian action by which the Church manifests Christ in the world, then this is certainly not confined only to hierarchical and sacerdotal activity. The Christian initiatives of the laity insofar as they are Christian will also be a manifestation of Christ living and carrying on the mystery of redemption in and through His Church. It would seem that in restricting the term "ecclesial" to the strict sense of "official" Rahner would in the long run be going against the cogency of his own arguments. However we must see him in his own context.

Rahner wants to show that we must intervene in the social life of our world, and we must do so as Christians, guided by Christian principles, indeed moved and led by the Holy Spirit. But he also wants to make clear that we cannot propagate our social ideas precisely in the name of the Church, invoking her hierarchical authority. We tend to think that all loyalty to the Church demands explicit and aggressive assertion of her juridical authority even when this is irrelevant, or needlessly brings discredit upon the Church, or causes Christianity itself to be attacked for political reasons. "If we make some synthesis of Christian principles and our own historical preferences and then propagate that *as what Christianity unconditionally demands*, to stand or fall by it, then people will take us at our word in this false declaration. They will then unavoidably combat Christianity itself" (p. 11).

Rahner, speaking not as historian or sociologist but as a theologian declares not only that our present situation "can be characterized as that of a diaspora," (p. 14) but insists (and this is more important) that *theologically* we are obliged to accept this fact as the starting point for all conclusions about our behavior as Christians in the modern world. Our diaspora situation is then not simply an unavoidable evil, traceable to the infidelities of Christians and to the godlessness of neopagans and materialists. It is not just something we must put up with as "permitted" by the divine will for our testing. It is not a state of affairs which we can hope to reverse by a more earnest apostolate supported by greater purity and zeal. It is irreversible, and it is moreover a state of affairs "a 'must' in terms of the history of salvation" (p. 14).

This is a strong statement. Rahner qualifies it. It is not what *ought to be*, (yet are we so sure we know what ought to be?) and it is in fact in contradiction with what we would expect after the Gospel has been preached for two millennia. It is not something we can accept with passive fatalism. Rahner is not a quietist. Nor should we simply sit back with grim satisfaction and wait for the bomb to confirm our apocalyptic prognostication by wiping out the whole intolerable mess. We must accept the diaspora situation *as existing* and as certain to go on existing. It is not something "to be grimly endured and fought against," but it "has a significance for salvation."

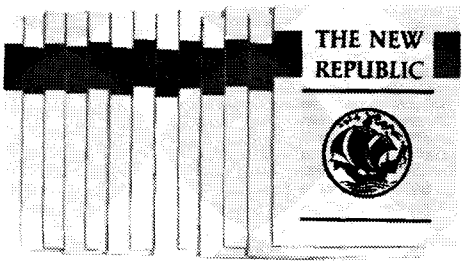
This is a very radical pronouncement, but we must pay serious attention to it, since it is the kind of thinking that led Pope John XXIII to open a dialogue with the left. The wisdom of Pope John's action has been openly questioned by conservatives.

Are we to assume that Pope John ought to have looked at Russia in exactly the same way as Pius V looked at the Turk? Such an assumption, judged from Rahner's viewpoint, would sterilize all Christian action in the diaspora situation, in which the Church is called upon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For people who think!

THE NEW REPUBLIC IS



"FIRST ON OUR LIST" "Timely, informative, and presents serious, thought-provoking points of view." —**High School Teacher**

"THE BEST MAGAZINE IN THE BUSINESS" "Responsive and progressive." —**Writer**

"HIGHLY OPINIONATED" "Keep your magazine just the way it is . . . Its topics are current and dwell on aspects not found in general, run-of-the-mill writing."—**Businessman**

"CONSISTENTLY INTERESTING" "NR is most useful to me in ideas . . . in economics, politics."—**Government Official**

"STIMULATING" "Informative, extremely well-written . . . Your book, theater, and particularly your movie reviews are superior." —**Sales Engineer**

"SUPERB" "Editorials, theater . . . top notch."—**Insurance Agent**

"EXCELLENT IN ALL DEPARTMENTS" "Especially sane book, movie, theater reviews. Best in current affairs reporting and interpretation."—**College Instructor**

"A TRUSTED SOURCE OF NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL NEWS" "We read your magazine from front to back cover and thoroughly enjoy the various reviews."—**Sales Manager**

"FUN — DON'T ALWAYS AGREE" "Stimulating . . . often against my basic concepts."—**Advertising Publicity Director**

"A CONSTANT DELIGHT" "Kauffmann best since Agee; Brustein one of the best . . . superb."—**Professor**

When The New Republic's circulation jumps more than 60% in one year . . . When it is read carefully, quoted and used by congressmen, senators, cabinet officers, editors, ministers, professors and public officials . . . When America's finest writers appear in its pages . . . When Walter Lippmann says it is a "necessary magazine". . .

THERE ARE REASONS:

Reason one: With its editorial offices in Washington, *New Republic* editors are in constant touch with the national political nerve ends.

We don't suggest that you throw away your TV set this election year—but we do say that you'll find a different sort of political reporting in the pages of each weekly issue of *The New Republic.*

Reason two: *The New Republic's* editors, contributing editors, and foreign correspondents are first-rate. Murray Kempton writes exclusively for *The New Republic.* Gilbert Harrison, whom *Newsweek* calls "one of the finest editors in the business" is its editor-in-chief. Alex Campbell, formerly the distinguished Washington correspondent for *The London Economist,* has recently been named managing editor. "T. R. B. from Washington", a regular weekly feature, is one of the sharpest political columns to be found anywhere. Bill Mauldin, Robert Osborn, and Jules Feiffer's drawings and cartoons appear regularly in *The New Republic.*

Reason three: Its literary critics—such as Bruno Bettleheim, Honor Tracy, Benjamin DeMott, John Wain, Richard Gilman, Gerald W. Johnson and others—provide *New Republic* readers with fresh insights and solid literary guidance.

Here you'll find Stanley Kauffmann's perceptive comments on the new films, American and foreign; Robert Brustein's literate reviews of plays, on and off Broadway; Frank Getlein's refreshingly iconoclastic opinions on art; Wolf Von Eckardt's educated opinions about architecture, city planning and design; B. H. Haggin's reliable comments on recordings.

Reason four: The integrity of *The New Republic* is based on fifty years of continuous publication. It began in 1914 as a "journal of opinion"—it has remained outspoken, courageous, and literate.

Discover for yourself why *The New Republic* is *the* up-and-coming journal of the '60's and why it has made such remarkable strides in circulation, influence and quality.

ONLY $1.00 brings you 13 big issues

(regular newsstand cost: $4.55)

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TODAY

Please add my name to the growing list of informed people who subscribe to *The New Republic.* I enclose $1 for the next 13 issues since I understand that the extra expense of billing me would make this bargain offer impossible.

TO: THE NEW REPUBLIC, RA-1
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C. 20036

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

PRODUCED BY NAP
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not to seek coexistence at the price of compromise—far from it—but to pursue her historic task of redemption which is already "eschatologically complete" but remains to be "fully realized through human beings" (p. 53). He does not envisage any Christian revolution that will transform the world overnight into the City of God. The diaspora character of our age is going to increase. Rahner has little faith in such projects as those of Fr. Lombardi with his hopes of a "better (Christian) world" as a result of a better organized and more fervent apostolate. "The new age of Jesus Christ, as prophesied by Lombardi, is certainly not going to down for some considerable while (Rahner says). On the contrary, the Christendom of the Middle Ages and after . . . is going to disappear with ever increasing speed. For the causes which have brought about this process in the west are still at work and have not yet had their full effect" (p. 17).

These evaluations of a historic situation may perhaps seem gratuitous, and they can certainly be disputed. Our purpose here is not to argue with Rahner, but to get a good clear look at his thesis and to understand it correctly. He is certainly not saying that Christian action in the world has no hope of achieving anything. On the contrary, he believes that it is absolutely essential, especially now, precisely because we are entering the *diaspora*, when "the Church's vital power and her salvational import for the world must be manifested" in the secular sphere (p. 44). We cannot understand this unless we see that for Rahner the "world" and "secularity" or even the "profane" are not categories which by their very nature *exclude* and *obstruct* the action of grace. They are on the contrary fully embraced by the order of redemption, and the world must be brought to an awareness of this by the heroic witness of Christian faith.

To admit that the diaspora situation is one where clerical action will be frustrated and impeded, and to accept this fact is not, for Rahner, to admit defeat. On the contrary, refusal to accept this means that the Church's energies in the diaspora will be dissipated in useless and frantic struggles to assert clerical authority where that assertion has relatively little apostolic meaning or usefulness, and where much greater good would be done for souls by another approach. What is the "diaspora situation"?

It is not a situation which Christians should desire, or even accept with full willingness. We must indeed regret it. It is therefore a situation which is deplorable because essentially unfavorable to the Church, now considered not only as a political or sociological entity, but even as the Body of Christ. However, we know from the Bible that hostility between the Church and the world is inevitable. It remains only for us to interpret this situation of conflict properly and take a genuinely Christian attitude. This demands faith in the promises of Christ that His Church would endure, and expectation of the combat, persecution, and ever more critical struggle in which "the victory of Christianity (will) not be the fruit of immanent development and . . . progressive leavening of the world, (but will be) the act of God coming in judgement to gather up world history into its wholly unpredictable and unexpected end" (p. 19).

The diaspora situation is one then in which the Church is a stumbling block to the world, a sign of contradiction. In this situation the faith of the individual Christian is always threatened. Considered from a sociological viewpoint, faith needs a favorable milieu in which to develop. Most individuals cannot preserve their faith intact if left alone with it in the midst of a hostile or indifferent society. He who realizes himself morally and spiritually isolated from his fellows gets the impression that he is abnormal and is therefore guilty (see "Doutes dans la Vie de Foi" under Foi, by Andre de Bovis, S.J. in *Dictionnaire de Spiritualité*, V col. 616). Yet in the diaspora situation the Christian as individual may precisely be asked a heroic faith with little or no human support. Vocation to the faith then becomes a desperate wager, because the Church is hindered in her (rightful) activities of preaching and teaching, and access to the Sacraments may be very irregular and uncertain. The clergy will no longer have a privileged social status. They will be more and more a despised or at least an unappreciated class. The "problem of Church and state" will have ceased practically to exist in secret conflicts of the individual conscience. But here it may indeed be terribly acute, for the individual Christian will be simultaneously a member of Christ and a citizen of a perhaps godless society. Indeed, the one thing above all other that will characterize the Church in Rahner's "diaspora situation" will be the heroism and total dedication of those who take their faith seriously enough to remain Christians under such conditions. The Church will have no support from secular power, no subsidies, but will depend permanently "on the good will of her ordinary members." With all these obstacles the Church, even though to some extent reduced to silence, will *continue her missionary activity*, but now in radically new forms in which the purity of individual witness will take precedence over everything else. Not only will the Church continue to preach the Gospel, without defeatism and without rancor, she will *remain on the offensive*. But this "offensive" will be completely independent of human power relying, like that of the Apostles, on the power of God.

In fact the word "offensive" is perhaps ill-chosen. It is not meant to suggest truculence and aggression. Rahner is talking about an attitude of openness, understanding, and sympathy which enables the Catholic to discover unsuspected values in a secular world which he has hitherto regarded only with mistrust and with contempt. Rahner is therefore not prescribing a resolute and military advance to "conquer" the world and bring it entirely into subjection under ecclesiastical influence or discipline. It is rather a positive and truly apostolic effort to encounter the non-Christion on his own ground in order to bring him the Gospel message, in a form in which he can best understand and receive it. But if we merely invite him to enter with us into a ghetto of antiquated customs and rituals, dominated by a censorious theology which seems grimly opposed to everything he experiences as "life," he will turn away from us in despair.

Rahner's book is addressed mainly to lay-apostles. Has it any relevance for the monastic Orders?

It is curious that the one saint sin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The banned issue of EVERGREEN REVIEW has just been released by Federal court order. You can get it now by subscription

THE Federal courts have ordered the District Attorney of Nassau County to release the entire printing of the new EVERGREEN, which had been seized illegally at the bindery.

This issue — #32 — is the first in a big, beautiful new format. It contains writing by WILLIAM BURROUGHS, JEAN GENET, GÜNTER GRASS, ROLF HOCHHUTH, EUGENE IONESCO, and KARL SHAPIRO.

It also includes the two items cited by the Nassau District Attorney in support of his action to ban the magazine:

- An article by WAYLAND YOUNG from his brilliant new book *Eros Denied* (just published by Grove Press)
- A series of photographs by EMIL J. CADOO which are among the most unusual ever published — beautifully printed on heavy, coated paper.

As a result of the court decision, you are now free to obtain your copy of EVERGREEN #32 — while the supply lasts. EVERGREEN is now available at newsstands — still $1.00 a copy. A limited number of copies have also been set aside for subscription fulfillment. EVERGREEN, published every other month, will continue to bring you the new, the bold, the provocative in literature and the arts. To subscribe for one year (six issues), send only $5.00 to Grove Press, Dept. R-109, 64 University Place, New York 3, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GROVE PRESS, Dept. R-1
64 University Place, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for one year (six issues) of EVERGREEN, beginning with issue #32. Enclosed find $5.00.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gled out for mention as an example of one who understood the diaspora situation is St. Benedict. Without necessarily agreeing with Rahner's statement that St. Benedict "reformed monasticism" (as if the copious monastic literature of fifth century Gaul did not give evidence of a rich pre-Benedictine monastic life in the West) we can profitably consider the author of the Benedictine Rule as one who, in a world which he saw was alien to his own ideals, nevertheless lived a fully Christian life which was fruitful beyond his own wildest expectations.

Space does not permit further details, but Rahner's third essay on the relation of the individual to the community is of capital importance for monks. "Individuality and community," he says, "are not competing opposites between which we have to choose" (p. 111), but a problem arises when the two are set over against one another at *different levels of reality*, for instance when the spiritual person is set against the exterior organization and not seen in the context of communion with other persons in Christ.

—Thomas Merton

Second Skin. By John Hawkes. New York: New Directions. 210 pp. $4.00.

Second Skin is a failure, but it is an important failure. Like *Moby-Dick*, which Melville called "the draught of a draught," it leaves the reader with a degree of frustration and dissatisfaction, and yet with a haunting awareness of presences that cannot be dismissed. It is powerful, raw, ambitious, shocking—and then dreadfully allusive and literary, self-conscious, over-written. The whole novel is summed up in a striking moment when Skipper, the narrator-hero, receives a gift. He finds a gaily-wrapped package on his breakfast-table, and is told that it contains the human fetus that would have been his second grandchild. The gift is not a bad symbol of the novel itself—hard-formed, aborted, presented with indecently flamboyant wrappings that have been too carefully prepared, and yet indisputably and startlingly *there*, impossible to ignore, impossible to accept blandly or without question.

It is possible to speak in somewhat similar terms of *The Cannibal* and *The Beetle Leg*, John Hawkes' two earlier novels (I have not read his more recent *The Lime Twig*), but *Second Skin* marks a significant development of his powers, especially in his power of realizing a whole character or situation in a single concrete moment that is at once credible, disquieting, and comprehensively symbolic. There is, for example, the woman Miranda in *Second Skin*. She is sterile, sinister, evil, threatening, a grim figure on a bleak Atlantic island where she points the way to death. Her role is fully developed in a single powerful act, when she removes from a refrigerator six baby bottles which Skipper has prepared for his granddaughter and makes a "cruel mess" to confront him: "Bottle of Old Grand-Dad. Tall, burnished, freshly opened . . . that oddly professional and flagrant bottle of whiskey stood in the middle of the kitchen table, was a rude incongruous reality in the middle of the mess. And there was the mess itself: all of poor Pixie's baby bottles, all of them, bereft of nipples, emptied, lying flat and helter-skelter on the table in little globs and pools of white baby's milk. I walked to the sink—sides and bottom furiously splashed with the milk poured, shaken, from the bottles . . . But the nipples . . . I seized each of them one by one, examined them closely and helplessly until I held five in the palm of my hand, five nipples side by side and each one neatly cut off about a quarter of an inch below the tip. Pair of steel shears spread open near the Old Grand-Dad."

Yet even here, in this moment which is imagined and described in a way that is absolutely right, there is a fatal impulse to overstate the obvious in the brand-name of the whiskey. Elsewhere this impulse is more consistently unchecked, and the book is flawed by Hawkes' apparent fear that the reader will not quite catch his meaning. This novel is about the rough and dangerous American world, a world which can destroy the sensitive man who cannot cloak himself in a second skin and become as cruel and indifferent as his fellows. But the author introduces a measure of literary allusion which tidies up the savagery and is at war with what I take to be the basic tendency of the book. As a result, although a proper shock accompanies those moments in the book which embody that anarchic and destructive cruelty most graphically, such moments are too often followed and submerged by a titillation of the reader's more purely literary sensibilities. Asking for bread, we receive not a stone but a neat allusion to play with.

The book's dark vision, sprawling and powerful, is thus controlled, corseted, by a far too logical and obvious scheme which seems to be determined by these allusions. Thus we have sterile Miranda on her grim island as a recognizable parody of Shakespeare's island virgin, and the Skipper's son-in-law is Fernandez, southern and Latin. The spirit of T. S. Eliot broods rather obtrusively in the journey by bus across the waste-land-desert, in the sterile northern island which must be located not far from the Dry Salvages, in ruined buildings, rainy streets, cheap hotels, in vague suggestions of death by water and drowned sailors, and in the recurring hooded figure of death (Skipper's undertaker-father after his suicide, a dead sailor, a figure out of Emily Dickinson's "Because I would not stop for death" who takes Skipper's mother away, a goggled hearse-driver), a figure whose face cannot be seen.

The tendency to impose literary tidiness obtrudes when we consider the antitheses between Miranda's Atlantic island of death and the tropical Pacific island where Skipper enters into life with Catalina Kate. Beginning as an undertaker's son, his father, wife, and daughter all suicides, he ends, pat as the catastrophe of the old comedy, serving life as an Artificial Inseminator of cows and the father of a newborn child. He ends on a fair approximation of Sweeney's crocodile isle, with "Nothing at all but three things/. . . Birth, and copulation, and death." But this time the three things are synthesized. The newly born baby lays Skipper's crowd of ghosts and he and Kate carry the child to the island graveyard for an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

why

Why is *Monocle* supporting Marvin Kitman for the Presidency?
Because Kitman is the only truly reactionary Republican. Goldwater masquerades as a conservative but he just goes back as far as McKinley. Only Kitman has a platform that is 100 years old.

He goes all the way back to Abraham Lincoln's Republican Party Platform of 1864. "I am in favor of abolishing slavery" says Kitman.

HOW

How can *Monocle* help you? The Republican Party has a vacancy for a presidential candidate. Why don't you apply? Read Kitman's account of how to do it ("The Making of a Presidential Candidate") in the new

WHO

Who is Marvin Kitman?

What are his qualifications? Kitman is News Managing Editor of *Monocle*. He did such a good job managing the news at *Monocle* that we thought he deserved a shot at the White House. Besides, his wife has a cloth coat, he has 2.7 children and he is the only *Monocle* editor who will be 35 by election day.

WHAT

What about Cuba?
Kitman plans to investigate Democratic bungling over Cuba. In 1853 Pres. Franklin Pierce had a chance to buy Cuba for $8 million. False economy has got us where we are today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT

What issues does Kitman plan to raise?
He would prefer not to drag issues into the campaign. He wants to campaign strictly on personality because his friends tell him he has a winning personality. Also, he thinks raising issues is hypocritical. But if anyone raises the religious issue he will point out he's twice as Jewish as Goldwater.

WHAT

What does *Monocle* think about the other candidates? In our current issue we predict who *The New Yorker, Holiday, Reader's Digest, National Review* and other family magazines will support. For instance, according to *Monocle, Time* will have this to say:

"One day last summer Clare Luce, nymphet-svelte in a rhinestone-studded chainmail bikini, dipped a tentative toe in the water while Henry Luce watched at poolside. 'Goddam it, Clare,' said Henry, 'Stop diddling and jump the hell in.' No diddler she, Clare jumped. Tuesday last, Clare took the plunge again, announced at a press conference attended by 942 former *Time* cover subjects she would seek the Republican Presidential nomina-

WHAT

DOES MONOCLE THINK ABOUT

Norman Mailer's Letters to Himself

Barry Goldwater As Tarzan

George Romney's Fasts

The Macmillan Company's handling of J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth

Southern Registrars

Renaming Congress "The Senior Citizens' League"

A Plan to Repay Mme. Nhu's Creditors

For the answer to these and the rest of your election-year questions, read *Monocle*, America's magazine of political satire. And while you're at it, join Pres. Johnson's war on poverty by saving yourself some money. You can save money by buying an eight-issue subscription to *Monocle* for only $6—a saving of $2 over the bookstore price.
Augment your tax-cut savings and subscribe to *Monocle* today.
Booktrade distribution by Simon & Schuster, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

MONOCLE

80 Fifth Avenue
New York 11, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for the next 8 issues of *Monocle* starting with the current issue. I enclose $6.00.

Name (please print)

Address

City

All Souls' Day feast with the dead. As at the end of the third of the *Four Quartets*, he is

> *content at the last*
> *If our temporal reversion nourish*
> *(Not too far from the yew-tree)*
> *The life of significant soil.*

And he walks on the beach in tattered trousers, a happier end than that of the ineffective Prufrock he so much resembles.

By stressing these resemblances to Eliot's poetry I do not mean to suggest that the poems are in any real sense a source of *Second Skin*. It is simply a parallel of concerns between the novelist and the poet that I wish to emphasize, and the similarity of their positive and negative visions. Both dream of a synthesis in the common images of beaches, tropical islands, and fecundity, and both portray a bleakly negative world of human discontinuity, a place of sterility where contact and communication seem impossible. Hawkes' portrait of the fragmented world through which Skipper moves seems at times "some cheap version of limbo" where no action and no contact can be meaningful. It is his deliberately discontinuous method, a reflection of his theme, that makes *Second Skin* appear to be a more difficult book than it is, just as the fragmented poems of Eliot appeared difficult to their first readers.

It is in his portrayal of this fragmentary world that Hawkes is at his best. The novel's continual shifting of locale and personnel, together with its complex time-sequence, maintain the reader's sense of Skipper's world in which human contact is dangerous or impossible – though Hawkes provides a wonderfully comic moment to underline his theme by involving his hero in a hilarious belly-bumping tournament with a four hundred and eight pound champion, one of Skipper's few moments of human contact and one of his few triumphs.

One is left with a complicated set of responses to this novel: a sense that a great part of the overt appeal is on the snobbish level of allusion-spotting; a sense of outrage at patches of pretentious writing (there is a café scene with "the shot-glasses flung like jewels among the sailors" and a night "black as the somber mood of some Lutheran hymn"); a sense of a powerfully creative talent coming to grips with the problem of the man too incapable of cruelty to survive in a cruel world; a sense of things turning out too neatly, as when we contemplate that bottle of Old Grand-Dad or are reminded that Skipper, the dead undertaker's son, is himself a living tombstone for his dead son-in-law, Fernandez, whose name is painfully tattooed in green above his heart; a sense that the book's machinery of antithetical islands, and of undertaker's son becoming Artificial Inseminator, is a little too creakingly obvious; a sense of the unrelated and enigmatic quality of so much of modern American life, a time and place where the super ego cannot exist. *Second Skin* is not successful. It baffles and annoys, and it promises far more than it delivers. It jumbles, it is uncertain, it seems at times irrelevant. There is a dangerous tendency to make inventories, to push discontinuity even further by listing all the separate objects which make up a particular scene. There is a tendency towards an arbitrary neatness of structure at war with a desire to rub the reader's nose into the confusion of life, a tendency towards profundity combined with bathos, something of what Emerson meant when he discovered in Whitman's poetry "a remarkable mixture of the *Bhagvat-Geeta* and the *New York Herald*." John Hawkes has failed to control this novel, obvious as his effort to control it is. Nietzsche's "anarchy of atoms" has, for this time, won. But the reader is left with a feeling that Hawkes has taken the measure of that anarchy at last, and that another novel will see him in full and sure control of his unruly forces.

— Robert Tracy

Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man. By Marshall McLuhan. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 359 pp. $5.95.

IT SEEMS LIKELY that before long Marshall McLuhan will assume a position in North American thought rather like that which David Riesman assumed some years ago. His influence is already considerable as a teacher and as the author of *The Mechanical Bride* and *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, but this fuller and clearer statement of his approach to our society through its media should make that influence far wider. Like *The Lonely Crowd*, it presents a theory which is simple in its general outlines but provides formulae for a great variety of specific cultural situations, some of which are applied by McLuhan, some of which the reader eagerly works out for himself. As we hear less and less about the distinction between "inner-directed" and "other-directed" personalities, we will probably hear more about that between "visual" and "oral" cultures.

The title is somewhat misleading. Not only is the approach here far from the simplified, textbookish one that it suggests, but "media" takes in so much that the book deals with practically everything. "Media" are "fragments of ourselves extended into the public domain," and so include the wheel and the automobile, clothing and the electric light, even the city as a whole. The main emphasis, however, is upon the subjects usually associated with the term: the alphabet, movies, television, and so forth.

The most important effects of these, says McLuhan—and they have very important effects indeed—result not from their "content" (what the book says; what the man on the screen is talking about) but from their natures as media, as they affect the minds of those exposed to them. "The medium is the message," the message that really matters. Particularly as it emphasizes one of the senses at the expense of the others, or demands a certain relation among the senses, a sufficiently influential medium alters the nature of perception and thus the nature of reality as perceived and the quality of consciousness itself.

As readers of *The Gutenberg Galaxy* know, McLuhan emphasizes such psychological effects in discussing the most influential medium that has been developed, at least until the present—the phonetic alphabet, especially as it reached its full power to shape perception with the invention of movable type. The "Gutenberg era" is characterized not only by mass literacy but by the change from oral to visual culture, which is a change from "tribal" to individualistic consciousness, from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political diffusion to centers of power, and from a world picture made up of interconnected but discontinuous elements to one arranged on the linear and sequential pattern of mechanistic causality, continuous space, and time perceived as duration. This simply and flatly means that print created every aspect of, say, Victorian England.

There has recently been another revolution, however, which is rapidly reversing the trends that resulted from Western phonetic literacy. We live in the "electric age," in which electricity, as itself a medium, and such specific media as radio and television have made communication instantaneous and no longer purely visual. The effect of this change has already been the reintroduction of certain elements of tribalism as men become intensely and continuously involved with all other men and as they drift away from the old linear pattern of perception towards more totally and deeply inclusive ones. Television is an especially important cause of this shift, not just because it provides instant information, but because, as a low-definition medium which requires the participation of the viewer, with all his senses, to fill out the image it presents, it alters the visual man into one who employs all his senses together in an involvement "in depth."

McLuhan avoids any judgment on this change, and in fact he is mixed in his reaction. He has no sympathy with those who "crave the swoon back into collective unconsciousness," and seems concerned that we retain many of the essentially "literate" virtues. On the other hand, the more unified sensibility that is produced by the electric age has its advantages. We live in a period even more totally transitional than the Renaissance, as we come to the end of "two or three thousand years of varying degrees of mechanization . . . as an interlude between two great organic periods of culture." The emerging "total field of inclusive awareness" produces in our arts "an ascendancy over those of other ages comparable to that which we have long recognized as true of modern science." (Imagine that as actually in part a result of television.)

What is important to McLuhan is that we be aware of the changes which are taking place in order that we may be able to control our destiny, presumably a characteristically "literate" aim. "Had the Schoolmen with their complex oral culture understood the Gutenberg technology, they could have created a new synthesis of written and oral education." "If we persist in a conventional approach to these developments our traditional culture will be swept aside as scholasticism was in the sixteenth century."

The remark about contemporary arts quoted above is only one of many which most readers will have trouble swallowing. Certainly, if McLuhan's description of our cultural situation is accurate, it *ought* to be true, but many will find it hard to accept that they have been all along in the midst of a super-Renaissance. There will also be discomfort over the flat statements of the effects of media. At one point, McLuhan does say that "writing is only the principal manifestation of the extension of our visual sense," but ordinarily he sees a medium as cause, not manifestation, and as principal or sole cause. "Print created individualism and nationalism in the sixteenth century." "Both movie and radio are hot media, whose arrival pepped up everybody to a great degree, giving us the Roaring Twenties." Spengler "had not grasped that the invention of Euclidean space is, itself, a direct result of the action of the phonetic alphabet on the human senses."

McLuhan's impatience with those who have been unaware of the trtuths he presents is, indeed, considerable. There are, he admits, built-in difficulties in noticing the sort of effect he describes, yet he sounds irritated with those who have failed to notice them and, in anticipation, with those who will be dubious about them now. He compares himself, by implication, with figures like Pasteur, Einstein, and the one-eyed man in the kingdom of the blind who "is taken to be an hallucinated lunatic," but should properly, presumably, be made king according to the old saying. At one point, he quotes an interview with himself, apparently to demonstrate the foresight his ideas gave him about the effects of the Nixon-Kennedy television debates.

Few readers, however, will be tempted to dismiss this book. It covers a wide variety of subjects and is far richer than my description of its central thesis can indicate. McLuhan is always suggestive and surely very often right. The reader quickly learns to allow for the assuredness of the style as he does for its other elements. This is less fragmented than in McLuhan's two earlier books and is closer to linear argument, but there is still considerable breaking up. The mode of thought of oral societies such as the Hebrew or Chinese, he says, "tackles problem and resolution at the outset of a discussion." "The entire message is then traced and retraced, again and again, on the rounds of a concentric spiral with seeming redundancy." He is himself clearly experimenting with such a form for our own newly oral age, and the effect is often the presentation of a broad tangle of interconnections which could hardly be presented in a systematic, linear way. Still, there are times when more "literate" argument would have been welcome, and in the second half of the book the redundancy sometimes seems more than apparent.

In the rounds of his spiral McLuhan seeks to explain automation, Johnny's reading problems, the nature of the modern city, Soviet-American relations, modern physics, "Li'l Abner" and the decline of baseball: all as aspects of the same phenomenon. This in itself should indicate that the ride is well worth taking.

—Dean Frye

REVIEWERS

DEAN FRYE *teaches at McGill University (Montreal).*

THOMAS MERTON *is stationed at the Abbey of Gethsemani in Trappist, Kentucky.*

ROBERT TRACY *teaches at the University of California (Berkeley).*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED